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In Quest of Good  
Daycare—p.7

Lovers Give Lovers  
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# B.A.D.

Vol. IX / No. 32 / Two Sections / 64 Pages

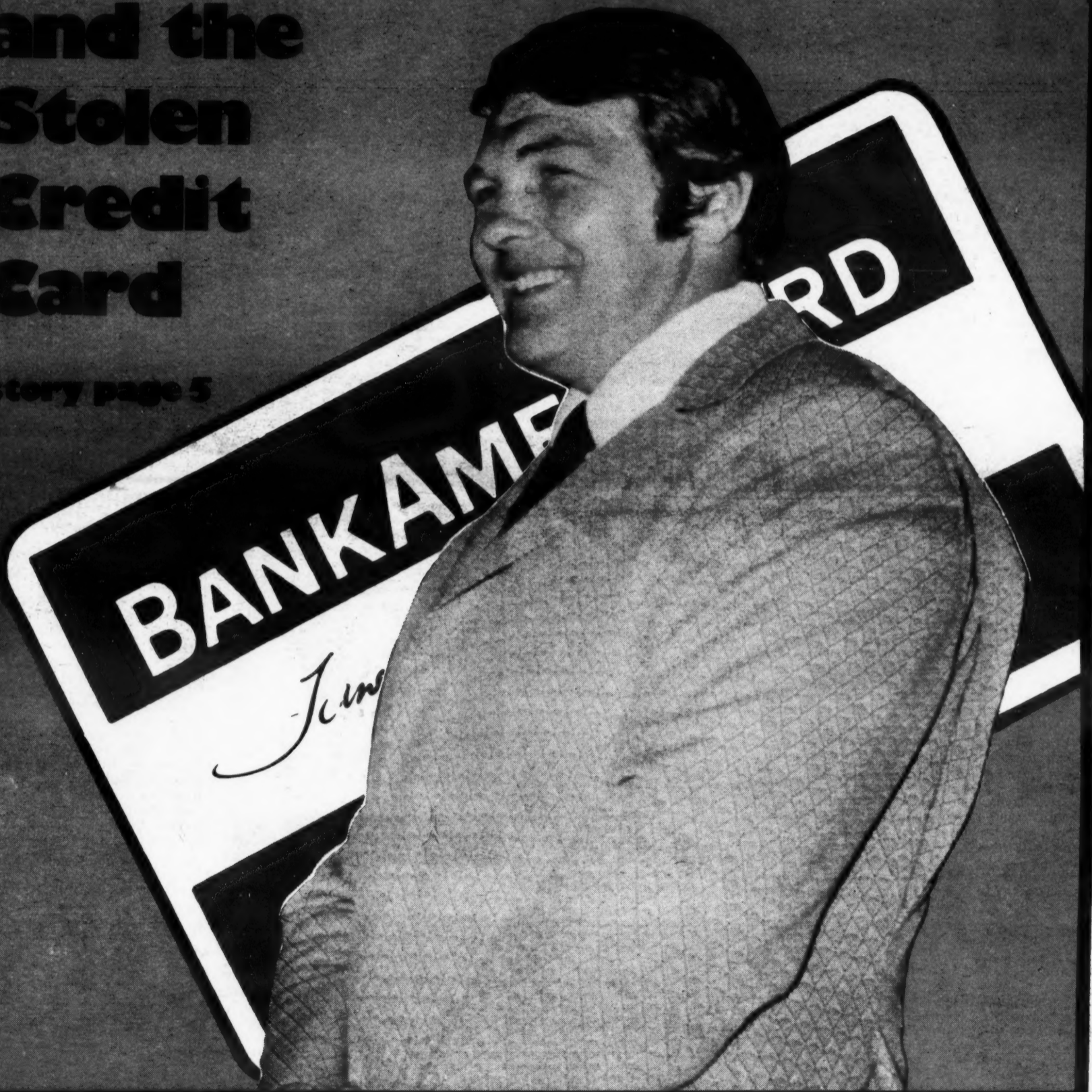
Boston's Weekly

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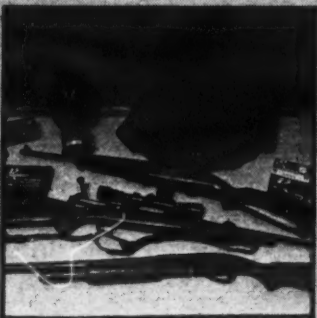
Complimentary

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# Letters to the Editor and Other People

## A Likely Story?

Howard Husock's story in the July 30 *Phoenix* concerning the selection of developers in the B.R.A.'s Waterfront Urban Renewal Project contained several "quotes" allegedly made by me.

Though experience has taught us that letter such as this are little read and of less value, I wish to state for the record that those "quotes" are absolute and utter fabrications. Obviously, Mr. Husock believes that if you don't have a good story — make one up.

Robert E. Diozzi  
Attorney At Law  
Boston

Howard Husock replies: *I am sorry that Mr. Diozzi deems it necessary to deny statements which I transcribed directly from notes made during our telephone conversation. Although it is true that we spoke in general terms about BRA decision-making and not merely about the particular situation in question, I nonetheless stand by the quotes as being accurate.*

I was surprised to read Mr. O'Brian's *Phoenix* column of July 30. After he labeled Channel 7 news "yellow journalism" and "sensationalism" in the past, I assumed that his column would be fairly objective . . . but then, I had never been "quoted" in it before. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that three separate answers I had given Mr. O'Brian were strung together into one apparently bitter statement . . . which had QUOTES around it.

For the record: I am going to teach at Boston University in order to finish my PhD. My departure from Channel 7 news is completely personal, and has nothing to do with anything except my own family. And this CAN be quoted.

Susan Noble  
Special Projects Producer  
Channel 7 news

Dave O'Brian replies: *The quotation from Ms. Noble, that she "asked for a leave of absence, probably won't get it, and I'm leaving anyway," was accurate. It was not three separate answers strung together. It was not said in bitterness, and if Ms. Noble reads such an implication into it after seeing it in print, no such implication was intended. Also, I don't recall ever labeling Channel 7 news either "yellow journalism" or "sensationalism."*

## Fools' Silver?

A friend has just shown me Peter Birge's contribution to your July 23 issue ("All that Glitters") and I just had to drop you a note, even if only to ask where I can get deals like the "Charlie" of Birge's story. According to your writer, "Charlie" walked into Precious Metals Inc. and purchased 10,000 silver dimes, paying for them with "three \$100 notes from a two-inch moneyclip." Birge shrewdly notes that "being an investor, Charlie knew a bargain" — sure, just as anyone with a second-grade understanding of practical math would know a bargain. Where I come from, there are ten dimes in a dollar. If Charlie bought 10,000 dimes with three hundred-dollar bills, he came out a quick seven hundred bucks ahead of the game. Okay, so much for Charlie's purchase.

Now let's get on to his jewelry. Birge (ever observant, eagle-like) notes that Charlie and his two companions sported \$20 silverpieces on lavalieres around their necks. First of all, the United States has never minted a "\$20 silverpiece." Neither has any other country I know of, save, perhaps, an extremely strange denomination packaged and sold on the real hard-line collectors' market. Be that as it may (and it may not), using the good ol' U.S. silver dollar as our standard of measure, let us just assume for a moment that Birge is committing no literary atrocity in reporting on the jewelry — not only would those be some spiffy neckpieces, but people would get plenty of time to ogle them as Charlie and the gang struggled to lift their necks off the sidewalk.

Eric Kimball  
Brookline



Too Heavy to Wear

Peter Birge replies: *What I wrote was correct, but some editing gremlin intervened to cancel a crucial digit in my copy. So sorry, but Charlie had to pay \$3100, not \$300 for a bag of 10,000 dimes. Dime freaks are hereby forewarned. Your second grade arithmetic teacher deserves special credit.*

Your logic's a bit tarnished, though, in your other complaints. Three questions please?

1. Who wrote that the U.S., or anybody, ever minted a \$20 silverpiece? Not I. You're jumping to conclusions: consider the current value of an 1878-S silver dollar in prooflike condition. Yep, \$20.

2. When is (and when is not) reporting on jewelry a "literary atrocity"? I'll leave that one for you.

3. Why is it, as you suggest, that if we use the "good old U.S. silver dollar" as a standard, the weight of Charlie's \$20 lavalier would surely collar him to the pavement? That makes no sense. Any good ol' silver dollar is worth a hell of a lot these days because it happens to be silver. At the current spot price of around \$4 an ounce, 5 ounces of silver would be around \$20. Why would Charlie find that so annoying? If 5 ounces silverweight can pin you to a State Street curb, you'd better steer clear of the metals district.

## TB Statistics

In the July 9 *Phoenix* a letter from Lawrence M. Strum, chairman of the South End Interagency Council, was printed in the Letters to the Editor column. Mr. Strum's statement that "Boston's South End ranks with the worst public health sections in America," is substantially true with regard to active cases of tuberculosis. However, the

statistics which he used to back up his claim are decidedly inaccurate.

There were 72 new active cases of TB reported in the South End in 1972, not 800 as represented by Mr. Strum. Rather, there were approximately 800 new cases throughout the state of Massachusetts as a whole. In terms of case rate, incidence of TB in the South End could be expressed as 306 active cases per 100,000 population. This is measurably higher than the average case rate for all of Boston which was 41 per 100,000; for Massachusetts, 12.7; or for the U.S., 15.8.

Why is the South End's TB case rate so high? Primarily because it is the city's melting pot for immigrants from areas in the United States, Puerto Rico, South America, Portugal, the West Indies and China where TB is prevalent. Also, the South End is an area which harbors a large percentage of the city's transient alcoholics and derelicts. Undernourished and having little resistance to disease, many come to the South End already infected with active or latent TB. Regardless, though, of where he's from or how long he has been here, a person diagnosed in the South End is entered into the TB register as a "resident" of the South End.

The TB problem in the South End is a complex one. Certainly, inadequate housing is a factor, as Mr. Strum pointed out. However, until we are able to cure the social ills which are the source of these conditions, tuberculosis will continue to be a critical problem in Boston's South End.

Arthur W. Travis  
Director of Public Relations  
American Lung Association  
of Boston

## Moon for the Misbelieving

We were greatly saddened and dismayed by your article on the Sun Myung Moon Christian Crusade appearing in the July 23 issue of your paper.

Those of us who have devoted ourselves full-time to the work of the Unification



Spiritual Harmony

Church, as well as thousands of supporting members, have done so only because we see in this movement a practical vision for a peaceful world where all people can realize their spiritual nature in harmony with those of a one-world family.

After reading Ms. Sharon Basco's article, it is not possible to have any real understanding of the Unification Church. Her description of our church bears very little relationship to what actually exists; there has been no fair attempt to really describe the purpose of our family, its goals, the kind of people who have become involved or the kind of person the Reverend Sun Myung Moon really is.

This article makes your readers negative about a group of people representing millions throughout the world who are working with all their hearts to revive people's spiritual life and offer hope for an otherwise dismal future.

You have, in fact, printed distortions and vicious rumors which couldn't be tolerated by anyone really interested in knowing the truth. Why the necessity to do this when the world is in such conflict and many people are so unhappy? If what you say were the truth, nothing could be said, but when all is said and done, history will judge very harshly the people responsible for such articles because the goodness of the work of the Unification Church will then be clearly known.

The saddening part is that so many people will be so misinformed by such an article and are thereby denied access to a real understanding and honest analysis of the constructive and practical reality that Reverend Sun Myung Moon is revealing to our troubled world.

We thank you for your consideration of our point of view.

Phillip Foster,  
State Representative  
Unification Church of  
Massachusetts, Boston

## Veterans' Alternatives

Significant changes are needed in veterans' benefits laws and in the Veterans Administration, in regard to services for Vietnam-era veterans. I am a veteran who wants to see these changes made, and I would like to locate other veterans who can contribute good ideas or useful energy in these directions.

For example, certain changes in the laws could free thousands of veterans to pursue alternative learning experiences of all kinds, not necessarily related to working towards a degree. This could include such things as carrying out a self-designed learning project, pursuing an apprenticeship in crafts or starting an experimental living-learning community. These are only examples of the wide number of possibilities not yet explored, and currently denied to veterans.

Other areas are equally important. I'm particularly interested in setting up a nationwide skills-ideas-friendship exchange network among veterans. Such a network could lead to many good experiences, as well as to ways to get changes accomplished.

If you are interested in these things — or in alternatives in general (media, behavior, businesses, lifestyles) — and are a veteran, I'd like to hear from you!

Lawrence Morgan  
P.O. Box 865  
Lawrence, Kansas 66044

## Sipress



SIPRESS



Roger Abramson and the Empty Performance Center

## The Performance Center's Last Gig

By Howard Husock

The scene Tuesday evening was like that at the end of a long party. A few people wandered around somewhat numb, and beers left on the bar grew warm. The drinks were among the few liquid assets visible in what had been a booming night club days earlier. The general manager now was giving away, one by one, the ferns, ivies and other well-developed potted plants that had graced a skylight. The rest would be for the bank.

A mere seven months after it opened to the catchiest fanfare the music business has to offer, Cambridge's Performance Center was closed and bankrupt. Only last Christmas it had been heralded as the most natural pop music idea since radio: the "concert club," a combination nightclub and concert hall, 1000 seats in the midst of Harvard Square, an unparalleled market for music. People who'd never pay for an expensive arena seat at a rock concert would come in droves, it was thought, to listen in genteel comfort. The lines to the two rooms indeed did spill down long ramps and into the Cambridge traffic, and most patrons probably assumed they were frequenting a gold mine. A national reputation developed. In some weeks, 8000 people paid to see acts like Bonnie Raitt, Tom Rush and Waylon Jennings.

Few people ever suspected that the wiring supporting the prize sound system was unpaid for, as was the plumbing and air-conditioning — and even the chairs were borrowed. Fewer ever thought the place could close as dramatically as it did last week, the subject of two lawsuits, bitter charges, and possibly an investigation by the Middlesex County district attorney's office.

Certainly the eight men who, last June, formed Performance Center Inc. anticipated no such events among their risks. The investors weren't benevolent rock 'n' roll fans — the youth market still inspires financial vision. Stockholders included George Berbeco, the president and a consultant to the City of Boston's Commerce and Manpower office; Francis X. Belotti, a well-known politician now running for state Attorney General;

Donald Rodman of Foxboro's Rodman Ford; and Peter Wasserman, architect/son of Cambridge real estate magnate Max. It was the idea of the younger Wasserman and friends to put a nightclub in his father's property on Cambridge's Boylston St., and it was the savvy of Berbeco, a passing acquaintance of Wasserman, that raised \$150,000 in private funds and \$75,000 from a major Boston bank. One year later, the corporation has debts of nearly \$200,000 and assets that may not be enough even to pay off the bank loan.

What happened to this golden goose? The ostensible reason for the fatal trouble in financial paradise was an "involuntary bankruptcy" suit brought by electrical, air-conditioning and construction contractors long owed some \$40,000 by the corporation. The suit capped, however, a series of controversies that had plagued the place even before it opened; today, a myriad of financial questions are left that may never be fully answered.

Depending on whom you ask, death was due to mismanagement, to illegal actions by the building's owner Max Wasserman, or to massive personality conflicts that corroded the venture from within.

The question of whether there is truth to some or all of those theories will provide plenty of work for the Middlesex County courts, and perhaps for District Attorney John Drony, whom one contractor has pledged to ask for an investigation of "every check" the club wrote.

Those august offices will have to mull over a variety of versions of what happened, opera-like scenarios whose financial convolutions would make Verdi green. Two main factions emerge, though, from the remnants of the enterprise. The first is that of Performance Center Inc. President George Berbeco and his hand-picked producer/general manager Roger Abramson, the man whose name is most commonly associated with the club. Their rivals include Peter Wasserman, the corporation's largest stockholder,

who first thought of the club idea. Wasserman worked closely last summer with Berbeco and Abramson, but later turned on them with a vengeance, and now claims they tampered dramatically with the original intent of a "community entertainment complex." Wasserman's enmity came to be shared by his father, Max, and by the host of contractors who finally brought the bankruptcy suit.

Ironically, none of the warring parties today has rejected the notion of the club. All agree for a variety of reasons that the reality was an aberration, but the dream remains, a chimera of dollar signs mixed with noble ideals.

"Unfortunately," says George Berbeco, "we're going out of business because of risks we never undertook. We could have gone bankrupt because we booked consistently badly or because there's not enough parking in Harvard Square. But that's not why we did. It all stemmed from conflict with the Wassermans."

The club did take, Berbeco concedes, a \$103,000 operating

loss in six months. And there were some classic blunders — like booking ancient crooner Rudy Vallee for a week in the heartland of youth culture. Vallee, on one night, reportedly drew six people. "We expected some mistakes," says Berbeco. "They weren't responsible for the bankruptcy."

The key to the closing, the corporate head maintains, was something called a "lease-hold allowance," a disputed \$95,000 singled out in the press release that announced the club's closing. The allowance, originally totalling some \$130,000, was pledged last July by Wasserman Development Corp. for improvements to the property necessary to the opening of the club. It was, in theory, vital seed money that would help the Center to open and begin paying \$12,500 monthly rent. After some \$35,000 was paid, however, Wasserman declined further payments, claiming, along with his angry son who had resigned as the club's vice-president, that producer Abramson had failed to abide by the physical and aesthetic specifications of the lease. Berbeco considered the Wasserman action illegal.

Without the disputed \$95,000, says Berbeco, the club opened in a deep hole out of which it could never climb. It had not only to meet its daily expenses but also to pay off construction costs it never anticipated. The contractors were knocking on the door even as the crowds lined up. Last February, Performance Inc. sued Wasserman for the \$95,000, promising contractors that when the suit was won, bills would be paid. Today, the suit is still pending in Middlesex Equity Court, but it's a moot point now that bankruptcy proceedings have begun.

The strangest thing about the bankruptcy suit, in Berbeco's view, is that the creditors responsible for it will not profit a penny by it, which fact they confirm. Whatever is left of Performance Inc. is going to New England Merchants Bank for its \$75,000 loan. The creditors would seemingly have no motivation for wishing bankruptcy — especially

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### The Right Place, Right Time Blues

During the past seven months there have been many discontented rumblings about the Performance Center's deficiencies: its sound system was not perfect, the drinks were weak, the decor was plastic, the ushers unfriendly and the atmosphere cold. Maybe some of these objections were valid. But it seemed to me the detractors were missing the whole point: the Performance Center was a crucial addition to this area's musical scene, filling a large gap not perfectly, but well.

Artists whose commercial appeal or aesthetic needs didn't jibe with the largeness and impersonality of the Music Hall or the smallness of the Jazz Workshop-Paul's Mall complex found the Center to be just their ticket. Tom Rush, Ann Murray,

Randy Newman, Foghat, Steeleye Span and Leo Lotke, among others, were perfectly placed in the larger of the Center's two rooms; local groups like Chris Rhodes and James Montgomery, having outgrown the intimate bistros that spawned them, could still play in Boston because the Performance Center was there; ensembles like Weather Report, having enlarged the jazz audience, needed more room than the Workshop could give them and they got it at the Center; Tracy Nelson, who had been doing middling business at Paul's Mall, became a hot item when she played in Cambridge, where her fans were.

Though it had its drawbacks, to be sure, the sound system at the Center was the best in the city; though some

of the rear seats in the big room were uncomfortable, the club was basically the most comfortable in the city; despite the odd shape of the big room, both Performance I and II afforded excellent visibility from almost all seats.

Most important, the club drew a heretogenous audience of rockers, folkies, bluegrass freaks and jazz buffs, many of whom hadn't seen the performers whose records they had been listening to for years because, up until the arrival of the Performance Center, there was no facility in which they felt comfortable.

There is going to be a lot less good live music in this town in the future, and the death of the Performance Center is the reason why.

—Peter Herbst

# B.A.D.

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Boston, Mass.**EVENTS**Events will be listed free of charge subject  
to revision by the editor. All copy must be  
received by the TUESDAY before  
publication date. Mail: Attention Listing.**RELIABLE SOURCE***"David and I have a kind of unwritten pact that we don't do a lot of talking the night when I get back."*—Julie Nixon Eisenhower on the problem of working one city and living in another, in *Holiday* magazine.**RENT CONTROL CHIEF  
MAY BE FIRED**

Boston Rent Control Administrator John Grace is in danger of being fired.

Deputy Mayor Robert Kiley told Grace last Wednesday that the Mayor was considering dumping him, according to a reliable City Hall source.

Kiley told Grace that a still secret report prepared for the Mayor on the operation of rent control in Boston recommended that Grace be fired, according to the source.

The report was done by mayoral aide David Nicklaus.

The source said Grace was asked by Kiley whether he would be interested in any other job in City Hall. Kiley also told Grace the Mayor wanted to meet with him this week.

Reached late Friday at a summer home, Grace said he would not comment on the *Phoenix* report.

"I don't think it would be appropriate for me to comment on that," he said.

Grace confirmed, however, that he had met with Deputy Mayor Kiley on Wednesday.

"We talked about rent control," he said, "and he informed me the mayor wanted to talk with me next week."

—Tom Sheehan

**XEROXED RETURNS***Newsweek* magazine reports that a growing number of states and counties now have computer access to confidential income tax returns.

The magazine says that local agencies set up with the proper computer terminals can now retrieve all of the information on any person's 1040 tax form.

**PROPHECY**Jeanne Dixon, the perennial prophetess, has revealed to the *National Star* the messages that she has received from the future. According to Ms. Dixon, President Nixon will not be impeached, Patty Hearst will be betrayed by a fellow SLA member in a supermarket, Gerald Ford will run for the presidency in 1976 with a woman vice-presidential candidate, Charles Colson will become a great writer but fall victim to a sad disease, and Nixon and Bebe Rebozo, will maintain their long friendship in spite of any difficulties that lie ahead. Except for the bit about Bebe, these predictions seem consistent with Ms. Dixon's cosmic sensitivity.

# BOSTON COMIX

THIS STRIP FEATURES THE RETURN OF THE POOR FISH, THE MISGUIDED LIBERAL ORIGINALLY CREATED BY ART YOUNG, THE GREAT RADICAL CARTOONIST OF THE 1910'S AND '20'S. TODAY THE POOR FISH IS TALKING TO THE THE PRESIDENT'S ECONOMIC ADVISER HERBERT STEINIRKLOIN...

AND ALSO A SHIRT-AND-SHEET BOYCOTT, TO EXPRESS OUR DISMAY AT COTTON PRICES!



SO, STEINIRKLOIN, YOU BLAME INFLATION ON US CONSUMERS? WELL, WE'LL SHOW YOU THAT CONSUMERS CAN FIGHT IT, TOO! WE'LL BRING BACK THE MEAT BOYCOTT!! HOWDA YA LIKE THAT?



AND, FINALLY, IF NOTHING IS DONE ABOUT FUEL COSTS, WE'LL REGISTER OUR OUTRAGE WITH A HEAT BOYCOTT! TAKE THAT!



NOT IMPRESSED, EH? HOW ABOUT THIS? TO SHOW HOW UPSET WE ARE ABOUT BREAD PRICES, WE'LL HAVE A WHEAT BOYCOTT!



BRE! SAY, I'M GETTING KIND OF COLD! HUNGRY, TOO!



contained "inaccuracies" and that "in a few years" a new registration effort would be started. A boycott of Margot Fonteyn's American performances is being urged by activists concerned with the plight of democracy in Chile.

**READING**

With the refusal of Americans to be Gatsbyized, the nostalgia wave appears to be subsiding. The economy, however, is following the fashion cycle: the Depression seems to be just around the corner. In the last economic disaster, the Hoover administration insisted that prosperity was right around the corner. One year after the 1929 crash President Hoover told a delegation pleading for a public works project: "Gentlemen, you have come 60 days too late. The Depression is over."

William Manchester, chronicler of the Kennedy assassination and a history of the Krupp family, has written a massive social history of America from the Depression to the 1972 election. The book is due in the fall (from Little-Brown) but an excerpt appears in the current issue of *New York* magazine. *New York*, required reading for Manhattan's rising chic set, is often so slick that only reflected light can be seen on its pages, but the Manchester article, "Rock Bottom in America," is a noteworthy exception. In the present period of economic instability with worse on the way, this description of how Americans dealt with similar past catastrophes is instructive.

Manchester focuses on the march of the Bonus Army on Washington in the summer of 1932. Some 25,000 unemployed World War I veterans made their way to the capitol to demand a bonus from Congress. The only action that the government saw as proper was to mobilize the army, which attacked the shantytown inhabited by the vets. Several were killed. Manchester recounts this with engaging anecdotes and intriguing detail. (Don't look for heavy analysis here.) The photos accompanying the piece are striking. One, of a tear-gas masked soldier guarding the smoking ruins of a Bonus Army shack, captures the belligerent and cold attitude of the government. The army's assault on the veterans pleased Hoover, who insisted to the end of his term that all that was lacking for recovery was "business confidence." The present occupant in the White House (and his imminent successor) express the same belief, that psychology rests at the bottom of economics. At the beginning of this year Nixon announced that there would not be a recession, as if to dispel it with a verbal flourish. The culture of nostalgia, which

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AND I GUESS TO PROTEST RISING SUGAR PRICES, WE'LL NEED A SWEET BOYCOTT!



POOR ME! NOW I HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO BLAME FOR INFLATION!



## Boxing Commissioner Arrested in Detroit

# Tom McNeeley and the Credit Card Case

By Dave O'Brian

"I'm a big boy," Tom McNeeley said, after he realized that the embarrassing details of his encounter with the Detroit police and his attempt to pay a dinner bill with a stolen credit card would unavoidably become public sooner or later — probably costing him his position as one of the state's three boxing commissioners. "I realize that when you play, you pay."

McNeeley is a big boy — and I sure wouldn't want to be the cop who slapped the handcuffs on him and suggested that he come along quietly. He may have been floored eight times by Floyd Patterson and finally knocked out in the fourth round in Toronto in December, 1961 — the highlight of his heavyweight boxing career — but the sandy-haired and muscular McNeeley looks to be in as good shape now as then. And he is big.

So big that he stands out in a crowd, and when he's caught passing a bad card in a Detroit restaurant, people remember. "He was a pretty good-sized guy, a solid man," recalled Chris Katsiyannis. "Even the police were afraid of him."

Katsiyannis is the owner of the Oak Barrel Supper Club, a small dinner-and-drink place in the quiet, residential northwest section of Detroit. On Saturday evening, January 26, Tom McNeeley and some friends had built up a rather hefty tab of \$77.30 in that club and, according to witnesses, McNeeley produced a BankAmericard issued to a James Rivers and signed for the tab. The waitress, Christine Brogen, later reported to Detroit police that she observed McNeeley sign the receipt as "James Rivers."

The card in question was issued out of New York's Chase Manhattan Bank and, according to authorities, was stolen "in the East" in a house break last year. Since it was stolen, a total of \$4200 had been fraudulently charged up on it — mostly in the Boston area.

McNeeley and his friends had left the supper club before the waitress realized that the tab was over the \$50 limit. "The waitress is supposed to call the credit card company right away," said Katsiyannis, "but they seemed like nice people and she didn't think about it until after they had signed for the tab and left."

When the waitress called BankAmericard's number, she was told the card was listed as stolen. She raced into the parking lot where McNeeley was lingering, talking to a friend, and got his license number as he drove away.

An off-duty police officer, Patrolman Eugene Ryercy, was

in the club, made himself known, and, according to Ryercy's report, "an unknown customer told me the defendant was headed for a bar at 10 Mile Road in Southfield."

A half hour later, police in the Detroit suburb arrested McNeeley as he drove up to the bar.

McNeeley told the *Phoenix*; "A cop in street clothes came up to me and put a gun to my head."

Police put McNeeley in the

cruiser and a notation on the police report indicates that "the credit card was found in the middle of the back seat underneath the place where the defendant was sitting in the Southfield Police car."

McNeeley was returned in handcuffs to the Oak Barrel Club, where, according to both the club owner and Patrolman Ryercy's report, the waitress identified him as the man who had handed her the stolen card and signed the name "James

Rivers" to it. Katsiyannis recalls that McNeeley "was pretty worried about it — afraid it would get out and he would lose his job. He said he was with the boxing commission and he said, 'I can't afford to get in trouble in my position.'" Katsiyannis was willing to take the money and forget it, but the police weren't. McNeeley was taken to Detroit's precinct 16, fingerprinted, photographed, and locked up at 12:45 Sunday morning. At 3:15 a.m., he was released. He later

agreed to make full restitution and BankAmericard did not pursue the case. "He was a nice fellow," Katsiyannis said, "but he had a bad card."

Officials of both BankAmericard and the Chase Manhattan Bank refuse to comment at all on the incident, saying it is their policy not to give out information regarding a customer to anyone except the proper authorities. Detroit police records indicate that after McNeeley was arrested, application was made to the county prosecutor for a charge against him of "possession of a credit card of another with intent to circulate or sell." But by that time McNeeley and a local attorney, Seymour Posner, had worked out an agreement with BankAmericard to pay off the outstanding debt. The application was denied.

Last week, McNeeley's Boston attorney, Herbert Weissblum, told a *Globe* reporter that McNeeley had charged up the entire amount of \$4200 on the credit card but claimed he didn't know the card was stolen at the time. Weissblum maintained that McNeeley had gotten the card from a regular customer at the Raynham Dog Track, where McNeeley worked last year, and said he thought he was authorized to use it.

Recently, however, when questioned by the *Phoenix* about the incident, McNeeley told an entirely different story. He said the card was produced by one of his Detroit associates in the Oak Barrel Club, was left on the table, and McNeeley picked it up and was just unlucky enough to get caught — an innocent victim of circumstances. Neither McNeeley nor Weissblum could be reached this week to explain the discrepancies between the two accounts.

McNeeley did confirm most of the details of his arrest in Detroit, however, and he stated also that he received a personal loan of over \$5,000 from millionaire auto dealer Peter Fuller, his close friend and former fight manager, to cover the \$4200 credit card debt and legal expenses.

McNeeley said he was forced to take out a second mortgage on his Medfield home — and that he is in the process of paying Fuller back. "I'm no angel," McNeeley said, "but my record is clean. I don't buy and sell credit cards. I made a mistake and I'm paying for it. It was punishment enough when I had to go to Peter Fuller and ask for the loan. He was greatly disappointed with me and I know he would never do it again."

Fuller, president of Cadillac-

—Please turn to page 30



Tom McNeeley (left) and Peter Fuller in 1961

## Police Report on the Incident

Following is the report of Off-Duty Detroit Patrolman Eugene Ryercy on the January 26 incident involving Massachusetts Boxing Commissioner Tom McNeeley and a stolen credit card:

"Writer [the writer of the report] received police run to the above location [the Oak Barrel Supper Club].

"Meet the Southfield Police Dept.

"Talk to person reporting offense.

"The waitress, Christine Brogen, said when defendant McNeeley paid tab he gave her a

BankAmericard and she observed him sign the name 'James Rivers.'

"Waitress called to check the account number for a stolen card and found it to be stolen.

"Defendant left before she could return the sales draft receipt. Before waitress checked on card she returned card to defendant.

"Waitress informed person reporting offense who called the Southfield Police Dept. when unknown customer told me the defendant was headed for a bar at 10 Mile Road in Southfield.

"Southfield Police Dept. arrested him and returned him to the scene.

"Upon defendant's return to the scene by Southfield the waitress identified him as the man who presented the card."

On the bottom of the report are the following notations:

("As of Sept., 1973, the card was used in a total of \$3500 worth of frauds in the Boston area.")

("The credit card was found in the middle of the back seat underneath the place where the defendant was sitting in the Southfield Police Car.")

## Urban Eye

### New Words: A Room of Our Own

By Karen Lindsey

When Virginia Woolf talked about the woman writer's need for her own room, she was articulating what has become a priority for many feminists in recent years — the necessity for spaces of our own away from, if not men themselves, at least the cultural artifacts that permeate most of our male-defined institutions.

You can read Woolf — or Plath, Rich, Piercy, or any number of women writers — in New Words Bookstore, at 419 Washington Street in Somerville, next to Peasant Stock Restaurant. A cooperative venture run by four feminists, New Words takes its name from a quote by Mary Daly: "Women are hearing each other and ourselves for the first time and out of that supportive hearing emerge new words." The store's atmosphere is wholly feminist.

men are welcome, but they are guests in a space set up by and for women.

New Words has access to another room belonging to Peasant Stock that is used for feminist events. A series that has included lectures, music and self-help demonstrations closes on August 5 with a screening of Emily Culpepper's beautiful and exhilarating film on menstruation, *Period Piece*. There are more events scheduled for the fall; so far, admission has been free.

The store is a light, airy space with walls covered by feminist posters, some of which are for sale. New Words also sells feminist records and jewelry, but the major emphasis is, of course, on books. Though nearly all of the books are by women, they are not confined to feminist philosophy. There's a large selec-

tion of novels, including a small section where a murder mystery freak can gorge herself on Christie, Sayers, and Marsh without having to be reminded of the existence of Mickey Spillane.

Another section is devoted to small feminist presses like Daughters, Inc., and Alice James Press; and the store owners are trying to build up a collection of non-sexist children's books. New Words stocks the usual bookstore categories — poetry, biography, philosophy — but the focus is on women. There are a few books by men, which the owners feel might be of interest to women. Finally, there is a comprehensive section of feminist magazines and newspapers and a bulletin board for and about women.

New Words is a feminist oasis — a place to buy, browse, or simply be with women.



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Don't Quote Me . . .

By Dave O'Brian

A walkout by 25 engineers, photographers, film editors and floormen, who have been working without a contract at Channel 56 since May, is imminent, according to Win Jones, business manager of the local chapter of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. Jones was flying to the West Coast, where a mediator is attempting to resolve the money dispute between Kaiser Broadcasting and its TV engineers at stations in Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, as well as at Channel 56.

In Detroit, engineers have already struck and been locked out by management. And although it hasn't happened here yet, the mere threat of a strike has apparently produced one casualty: Producer-Director Joe Carney was reportedly fired a week ago after he informed management that he would refuse to cross a union picket line.

For the record, the station's general manager, James Saunders, denies the report, and Carney won't comment. "It's true that he's not with us anymore," Saunders said, "but that is not the reason." Carney, formerly with WHDH-TV, produced "Point of View," an interview program.

It makes pretty dry reading, but if you're interested at all in the topic, Schocken Books has published in paperback form the report of the Commission of Inquiry into High School Journalism funded by the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial. It's called Captive Voices: High School Journalism in America, and the agent who is pushing it claims it reveals censorship to be "rife and often illegal" and minority access to be "limited." High school journalism? Sounds like professional journalism to me.

If you've been paying attention, you probably thought that Judge Howard Young, the New Bedford juvenile court justice who sold his own private law office furniture to the state, is no longer on the public payroll, since the media reported his resignation, at the governor's request, weeks ago.

But Judge Young is still collecting his salary (although he is no longer hearing cases) because he is taking all the vacation and sick leave time he had coming. Thus, he can't be replaced until Aug. 13, when his resignation becomes effective. In the meantime, his caseload is being handled by a series of special justices from the district courts.

Not only is the Pru Cinema on Boylston Street continuing to flaunt the state's new obscenity law by showing "Deep Throat" and other flesh flicks, it is also on the verge of facing a law suit from the Boston Globe.

Without the paper's permission, the theater has copied and is displaying an enlarged version of a cartoon by Globe cartoonist Paul Szep. The cartoon depicts a politician, a handgun, and a nude woman; and says, in part: "This is a handgun. Handguns are made to kill. Anyone can own a handgun. This is a nude female body. Every female has a nude body. This body is obscene, illegal, and tasteless because it is nude."

The copy is virtually identical to the original, except the Szep signature is missing. A request by a Globe attorney that the sign be removed has, so far, been ignored.

If and when the legislature approves the home rule petition consolidating Boston's licensing and consumer functions under one department, it is almost certain that Joanne Prevost, Mayor White's patronage secretary, will be named to the new position of Commissioner of Consumer Affairs.

Such an appointment, however, would be seriously damaging to the impartial and non-partisan political reputation that the current Consumer's Council has earned under the direction of Richard Borten, who has built it up from nothing since he took over as executive director two years ago. Ms. Prevost, who dispenses City Hall patronage, knows where a lot of bodies are buried, and is an ultra-loyalist to the

mayor, would be an ironic choice since part of the rationale for creating the new department is to "de-politicize" the licensing function.

In fact, the Christian Science Monitor reports that Borten would resign in protest if Ms. Prevost gets the nod. Borten says he's made no such decision and won't comment further.

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy met in Boston last week with busing proponents and opponents — but notably missing from the anti-busing contingent was School Committee Chairman John Kerrigan. Committee member Kathleen Sullivan suggested that Kerrigan be invited, but Kennedy is reported to have refused to meet with him.

And, regardless of how you feel about Kerrigan and his demagoguery, there just may be something to his charge that the school committee and busing opponents are not always treated fairly by the city's media. Kerrigan observes, for example, that after 12 percent of Boston's voters turned out in the June non-binding anti-busing referendum, the Evening Globe carried the front page headline, "Busing Opposed, Turnout Low, Significance Disputed."

But later, after only 8.8 percent of the voters turned out for the binding school reform primary, the same Evening Globe front page carried this headline: "School Vote Seen Push For Reform," plus an analysis sidebar headlined, "Boston Vote Held Victory For Mayor."

On the plus side, however, the local media can claim credit for forcing investigating agencies to continue looking

into payroll irregularities in the office of School Committee member Paul Ellison — when those agencies would much rather have simply kicked the whole can of worms aside.

The revelation that Ellison and an aide endorsed and cashed checks intended for office staff, and then deposited some of the money in bank accounts including Ellison's own personal one, was made simultaneously by the Globe and the Christian Science Monitor.

Afterward, Monitor staffer Brad Knickerbocker reported that the IRS and U.S. Attorney James Gabriel had both conducted quick investigations and were going to let the thing drop until the newspapers got involved. Investigators from Gabriel's office, in fact, tried to persuade reporters not to write the story.

It seems I've said this before: the exodus continues at the Herald American. Now education writer Pamela Bullard has left to take a job with Channel 2's "Evening Compass" news show . . . and copy reader Bill Donahue, who was in charge of the "Viewpoint" section, has resigned, he says, because he wants to "travel and write." Editorial assistant Alan Eisner was promoted to reporter status to replace Bullard, causing a protest from the union since reporters laid off when the paper dropped its afternoon editions should have been given preference.

WBZ Radio News Director Jack Pluntze has left the station to head Group W's foreign news bureau, headquartered in London, and has been replaced by Ed Bell, formerly producer of the station's morning news and City Hall reporter.

Thanks to the impeachment tunnel-vision of the Washington press corps, other significant stories out of the capitol are getting no attention at all. One such story was the recent vote of the House of Representatives rejecting, by a healthy 2-to-1 margin, an attempt to restrict government-funded abortions.

Rep. Angelo Roncallo of New York had attached an amendment to an HEW-Labor appropriation prohibiting the use of any of the funds for abortions, referrals, or abortion research. It was defeated 247 to 123 — the first time the House has ever voted down an anti-abortion measure.

Voting with the majority were these Massachusetts congressmen: Paul Cronin, Edward Boland, Silvio Conte, Robert Drinan, Gerry Studds, and Margaret Heckler.



Ellison



Prevost

# Daycare Saga: A Search for a Special Place

By Connie Paige

My son, Chapin, is three and we desperately need daycare. For about two years, ever since my marriage ended, a friend with two children of her own has taken care of him while I work. When my friend decided to move away next fall, I had to find something else. Over a month ago, I began my search.

Although I have looked longer than most women have time for, I find there is little around to satisfy my needs. An investigative urge made search even further, only to find that the prospects for low income women sometimes are even more discouraging than those for middle class working mothers.

For someone who naively expected better, it was crushing to discover that daycare groups itself along class, racial and economic lines. In some of the centers I saw in both black and white working-class neighborhoods, it was as if the kids were taking an advanced course in "Deprivation and Overpopulation" — or maybe I was simply seeing ghetto life writ small. A director/teacher in one all-black center did not know how many children she was caring for that day, or at least quoted me the wrong number. In another, all white, the indoor "gym" that the director said substituted for a playground turned out to be a dim room with two tiny slides and a few bicycles.

At once place I went, in which middle class values and skills were being systematically superimposed on "underprivileged" kids, there was a kind of reverse tracking into private schools and the question arose whether replacing illiteracy with elitism was really the answer to our racial and social ills.

The middle class centers,



Daycare Children Playing It Cool

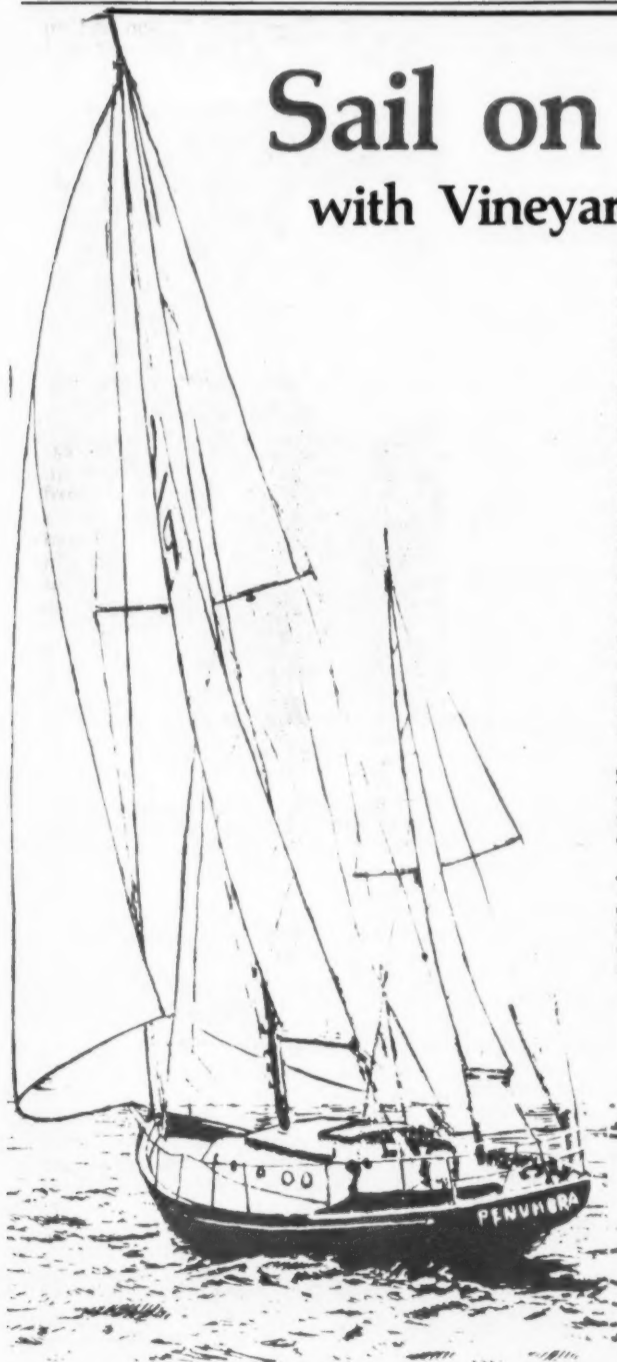
towards which I eventually gravitated for my own son, had their own faults — an overemphasis on freedom of expression that bordered, sometimes dangerously, on chaos. I saw unsupervised youngsters running towards the street, using large saws and, in one instance, in easy reach of cans of paint and varnish remover. It was nerve-wracking to observe one center continuously for a couple of days. The noise level, if too much for me, must have been psychological fodder for the children's hyperactivity. I kept returning to a few places that had some attractive features, but each time there was something else disturbing: a boy, with a sharp stick in his mouth, riding down a steep incline on a small, wobbly truck and no adult saying "no"; a lunch consisting only of a child's fist-sized piece of meatloaf and white bread. The only fully satisfactory center was long since full.

In all, I visited 18 daycare centers in Greater Boston and made inquiries at several others. Although this is not a statistically significant percentage of the several hundred in the area, I was given to understand by people associated with the Office for Children (the Commonwealth's regulatory body for daycare) and the Cambridge Childcare Resource Center (a private information and referral agency) that I had been seeing a representative display of the state of the art.

From this sample, it seems clear that daycare is in dire need of outside funding. Everywhere, the poor staff-to-child ratios, the dreariness and lack of play equipment, were rooted in money problems, regardless of whether the centers were non-

—Please turn to page 19

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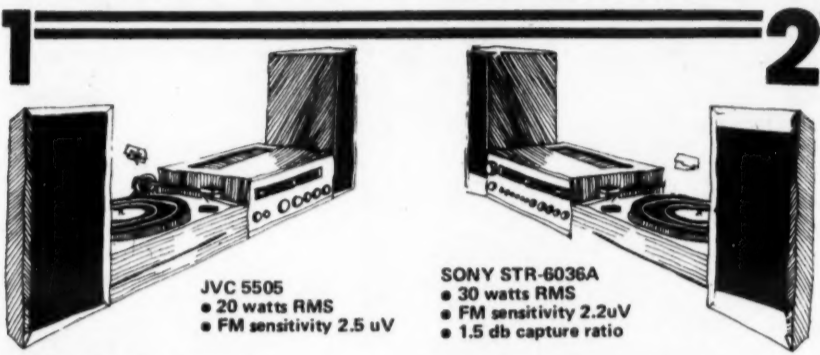
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 SAILING SCHOOL—VACATION PLAN \_\_\_ SAILING WEEKEND \_\_\_ DATE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNED: \_\_\_\_\_

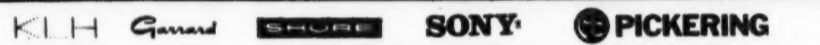
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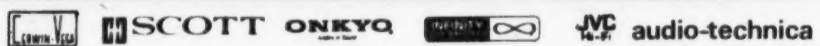
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## Owen Slade's Need to Know

**Q:** Can you tell me who the lawyer was who represented President Nixon in the Watergate tapes case before St. Clair? I say there was someone else and a friend says it's been St. Clair all the way. —G.Y., Framingham.

**A:** The lawyer who preceded James St. Clair as Nixon's Watergate lawyer was Charles Alan Wright, a Texas law professor reputed to be one of the nation's sharpest legal minds.

**Q:** Where does the expression "cowpoke" come from? —C.S., Dedham.

**A:** "Cowpoke" or "cowpuncher" are actually expressions of derision that refer to the lowly job of poking or punching cows through the chutes to get them into boxcars for shipment. Real cattlemen shunned any work that required getting off of their horses.

**Q:** Is there any place around here that I can take tennis lessons? The sport is getting so popular that I want to see if I'm missing anything. —H.T., Framingham.

**A:** Check out the Tyrolean Ski Club in Framingham. They offer tennis lessons for beginners and advanced players. The fees seem reasonable.

**Q:** Sometime in 1972 I joined an air club conveniently called "Air Club International." I was living in Alaska at the time and the air club had an office in someplace Anchorage. In moving east I have lost their address and apparently they have lost mine, as I have received no word of scheduled flights since joining. I do have their membership card but it does not list an address. Can you possibly locate an address for me and/or any background information about what they are doing now? —N.R., Roxbury.

**Q:** We are able to survive on earth because of the earth's atmosphere, temperatures, etc. They say there is probably life on Venus and Mars because their atmosphere is similar. Scientists claim it is impossible for life (to exist) on Mercury because the temperature reaches 790 degrees Fahrenheit on its daylight side at perihelion, and impossible on Pluto because temperatures reach as low as -420 degrees Fahrenheit (40 F above absolute zero). Now my question is, why couldn't there be living matter that needs freezing climate or needs a temperature as hot as Mercury's? Do they have scientific proof for this? —S.P., Bridgewater.

**A:** Several years ago the Civil Aeronautics Board cracked down on air travel clubs which, for one reason or another, did not fulfill CAB regulations. It may be that Air Club International fell under this particular CAB hatchet. At any rate, they have disappeared from Anchorage, leaving no clue as to their whereabouts.

**A:** All the reactions that make up life as we know it require water solution-chemistry. The conditions that exist on Pluto and Mercury preclude the possibility that these reactions could take place. In order for life to exist there, totally different, and as yet unknown, chemical reactions would also have to take place, and there is no proof that this is possible.

**Q:** As a youngster in the early '50s I remember a kids' show on channel 5 (New York) called Pinhead and Foudini. Predictably, the show's producers issued an LP record of the two characters involved in one of their misadventures. My question is twofold: who released the record, and is there a copy available today? —G.M., Worcester.

**A:** Unfortunately, my answer is onefold. No, there is no copy of the record available today. Who released the album is a well guarded secret, since the folks who now run channel 5 in New York profess never to have heard of the show. Stores that specialize in old records have also never heard of the album.

**Q:** What's the story on fabric softeners I see advertised on television that are supposed to make your towels or baby's diapers feel softer? There's got to be some catch. —B.G., Somerville.

**A:** There is. While a fabric softener does make a towel or diaper feel softer, it also reduces its ability to soak up moisture. And the greater the softening effect of the product, the greater the loss of absorbency. What happens is that chemicals in fabric softeners coat the fibers and filaments of a fabric with a thin waxy film which reduces moisture absorption. This same coating, as it builds up with successive washings, eventually causes yellowing and dinginess in most materials.

**Q:** What is the most difficult tongue-twister in the English language? —F.E., Boston.

**A:** The Guinness Book of World Records lists the following: The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick.

**Q:** Is it true that in this country classical music is more popular than baseball? —M.S., Cambridge.

**A:** What President John Kennedy said in 1962 still holds true: "Last year, more Americans went to symphonies than went to baseball games. This may be viewed as an alarming statistic, but I think that both baseball and the country will endure." Could the reason be that there are fewer expansion symphony orchestras?

**Q:** How can I go about ordering hard-to-find albums? —D.P., Fairhaven.

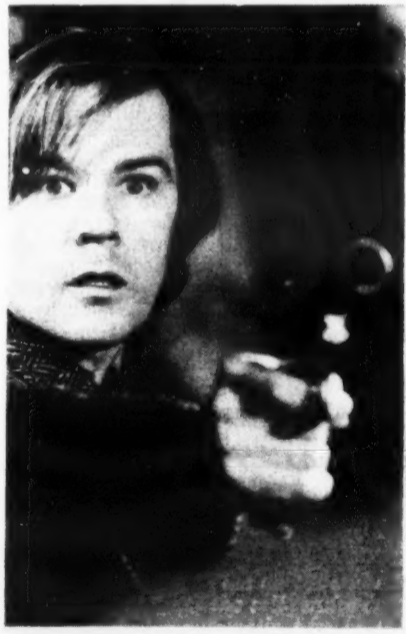
**A:** Try looking in hard-to-find stores?

**Q:** How old is the law? —R.P., Lynn.

**A:** The earliest known judicial code was that of King Urnammu during the third dynasty of Ur, Iran, circa 2145 B.C.

**Q:** It's trivia time. When did Buck Rogers first appear in the comics? —F.K., Sharon.

**A:** Buck Rogers in the Twenty-Fifth Century, by Phil Mowlan and Dick Calkins, first appeared in 1929. The strip spawned a radio show of the same name in 1932. Later, Buck Rogers appeared as a comic book.



A Big Gun for Dealing

**Q:** A couple of years ago a movie called Dealing: Or the Boston to Berkeley 40 Lost Brick Blues was made. It was shown at the Sack Theatre in Boston. Then it vanished completely. The question is, why? —B.S., Putney, Vt.

**A:** No, the question is, why was it made in the first place? Dealing was not one of the artistic successes of 1972 (the year it was released) and died of natural causes.

**Q:** Is Bobby Womack appearing in a new film?

**A:** Womack reportedly is to star as Sam Cooke in a movie about the life of the soul and gospel singer. Womack played with Cooke for several years before Cooke's death.

**Q:** What's the story on fabric softeners I see advertised on television that are supposed to make your towels or baby's diapers feel softer? There's got to be some catch. —B.G., Somerville.

**Want the facts? Have something you need to know? Write to Owen Slade c/o Boston Phoenix, 100 Mass. Ave., Boston, Mass. 02115. Because of the large volume of mail, no personal replies are possible.**



# Boston SWATs with a Little Help from the FBI

By Tom Sheehan

If Patty Hearst and company were discovered holed up in a Dorchester three-decker tomorrow, Boston police and the local FBI would likely send a SWAT squad to flush them out.

In police lingo SWAT stands for Special Weapons and Tactics; the weapons include shotguns and high-powered rifles, the tactics approach guerrilla warfare.

The Boston Police Department has trained its own SWAT squads since 1965, the year of the Watts riot. Now the FBI has entered the act too, training two SWAT squads for its Boston field office within the past six months.

SWAT teams consist of five to eight officers, trained in working as a team and in using both guns and teargas. Their primary mission, says the FBI, is "to deal with snipers who present serious apprehension problems because of their firepower and cover."

The Boston police currently have two SWAT units ready for action at all times, says Dep. Supt. Joseph Saia, head of the patrol area where the units are based. Saia says there used to be a lot more of them.

"During the years of disturbances from 1965 on — with problems in the ghetto, student demonstrations and the hippie problem — we had SWAT teams in every district of the city," says Dep. Supt. Saia. "But they were phased down within the past few years. We now have three teams within the Tactical Patrol Force and three within the Emergency Services Unit, with one [from each unit] on duty during every shift."

Saia said that all the teams go through training sessions about once a week at the department's training base on Long Island.

"They're being constantly trained in directed firing of weapons and in restraint," he said. "In all the years they've been coping with disturbances, not one shot had been fired."

"The basic idea," said Saia, "is when you've got a problem, you set up a perimeter and isolate it until the proper people arrive to cope with it. There's no sense in hurrying these things. You can take your blessed time."

How much money is spent annually on training and equipping Boston's SWAT squads is impossible to determine, according



Boston Police's SWAT Squad Equipment

Ken Kolbe

to a spokesman for Police Commr. Robert DiGrazia. The spokesman said no Federal funding is involved.

Federal money has been used to set up SWAT squads elsewhere, however. Shortly after the shootout between the SLA and the Los Angeles SWAT squad, Pacific News Service reported that many SWAT teams have been trained and funded by the Pentagon and the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA).

Other communities in the Boston area will soon get free SWAT-squad training from the FBI. Inspector James Murphy of the FBI's External Affairs Division said last week that two new five-man SWAT teams in the FBI's Boston field office "will be giving instruction to local law enforcement agencies in the future."

Murphy said the ten Boston agents were trained "earlier this year" at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. He added

that the Bureau did not decide to train its agents in SWAT team methods until July of last year, despite the fact that many big-city police departments have had the teams for a decade or more.

"In the future the facts of each case will dictate who's going to be involved," he said, "whether to use the teams and, if so, whether it should be the local police or us."

"Say we have a badly wanted Top Ten fugitive from out in California holed up in Newton, say, some isolated suburban area. Now in that case we'd probably notify the local department and send in our team."

"Now if it were our lead on a case in Boston," said Murphy, "we may not find it necessary to inform the Boston Police Department. Say we have a lead on an apartment in the Back Bay, just

as an example, around St. Botolph St.," he continued. "We may not need a SWAT team. We may decide to get into the apartment next door and then go in at five in the morning."

"In a high density area such as you have in the Back Bay," said Murphy, "you're not going to use certain weapons, you're just going to use handguns. Otherwise you'd have bullets flying through the walls all over the place."

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# Internment and Torture in Northern Ireland

By Patrick O'Malley

"A hood was pulled over my head and I was handcuffed and subjected to verbal and personal abuse which included the threat of being dropped from a helicopter while it was in the air. I was dragged out to the helicopter, being kicked and struck about the body with batons on the way. After what seemed like one hour in the helicopter I was thrown from it and kicked and bated into what I took to be a lorry. The lorry was driven only a couple of hundred yards to a building. On arriving there my clothes were taken from me and I was given a boiler-suit to wear which had no buttons and which was several times too big for me. I was then taken into what I can only guess was another room and was made to stand with my feet wide apart and with my hands pressed against a wall. The hood was still over my head. During all this time I could hear a low droning noise which sounded to me like an electric saw or something of that nature. I stood there arms against the wall, feet wide apart, my arms, legs, back and head began to ache. I perspired freely. The noise and heat were terrible. My circulation had stopped. They struck me several times on the hands, ribs and kidneys. My kneecaps were kicked. My hood-covered head was banged against the wall. I think this lasted for two whole days and nights. Certain periods are blank — fatigue mental and physical overwhelmed me; I collapsed several times only to be beaten and pulled to my feet again, and once more pushed spreadeagled against the wall. Food, water, sleep, and the opportunity to relieve my bowels were denied me. I had to urinate and defecate in my suit. I collapsed again. I came to in what I believed to be Crumlin Road Jail, having been pushed into a chair. I was roughly jerked to my feet and half-pulled, half-kicked for about 400 yards. This was the worst and most sustained beating to date. First, boots and batons crashed into my numbed body, someone else's not mine. Thrown headlong into a vehicle. Then noise, that dreaded helicopter again. Blacked out! When I regained consciousness I was told I would be given half-an-hour to rest and think. Then I would be asked more questions and if I didn't answer them, I would be taken back to the "music" room — the room with the noise. Feet wide apart, hands handcuffed — against the wall. Droning noise filled my head. By this time I could feel no pain. Just numb. Dragged away from the wall, legs buckled under me, fell to the floor. Dragged by the ankles up and down shallow steps. Didn't care — past feeling pain. Didn't have a body. From now on it was interrogation and the "music" room . . . Afterwards I learned that the hood had remained over my head for six days."

This account of torture is not taken from Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*. It was made by Paddy Joe McClean, a remedial school-teacher and father of eight children from Beragh Co. Tyrone, Northern Ireland. It describes the treatment he underwent at the hands of British military personnel and RUC Special Branch agents after his arrest and internment in August, 1971. McClean was not, nor ever was, a member of the IRA or any other militant organization. He was charged with no crime, brought before no court, received no sentence, and had no recourse to habeas corpus or legal aid. He was simply imprisoned indefinitely.

But his case was only typical of what was happening to Catholics throughout Northern Ireland in the fall of 1971.

On the 9th of August the security authorities in Northern Ireland (the then-Faulkner



Catholic Protest in Northern Ireland

government and the British Army) invoked the provisions of the Special Powers Act. On the books since 1922, this Act constitutes a complete and effective abrogation of the rule of law. Under it the security authorities have always had the power to arrest and detain anyone without giving any reason and without fear of being called to account for any actions or decisions later shown to be unjustified. The Act also empowers the authorities forcibly to enter any residence at any time without search warrant, notice or reason and ramshackle its contents. In this sense Northern Ireland has always been and remains a police state.

What makes the internment beginning in 1971 and continuing to this day different from the internment periods of 1922-24, 1938-45 and 1956-61 is its scope, as well as the use of torture. Almost 10,000 persons, the overwhelming number Catholic males, have been arrested, and over 3,000 have been interned or detained. Both detention and internment constitute imprisonment without trial. This means that close to 10 percent of the Catholic male population of Northern Ireland (100,000) have been arrested under Special Powers and held incommunicado from their families and friends for at least 48 hours, while 3 percent have been interned without trial at one time or another. February, 1973, saw the first "Loyalist" detained. Within two months, 22 were behind the wire of Long Kesh. It was ironic that men who, 20 months previously, had marched on Belfast City Hall demanding the introduction of internment were now themselves behind bars without charge or trial. At present over 700 men, including 90 "Loyalists," 60 women and 30 children (16 years of age and under) are held under Special Powers.

## The Beatings

Hooding is another favorite. The purpose of hooding is to cause sensory deprivation. This is often supplemented by the "noise machine," which is designed to restrict the prisoner's auditory experience to one loud, monotonous, unpleasant noise. One other standard practice is for prisoners to be forced to stare at a peg-board wall from 18 inches away and monotonously count the number of dots for as long as 12 hours under a glaring light. Drugs were used, especially Imipramine, Desipramine, Antitryptalime, Nialomide, Isocarboxide and Tanylcypromine, all of which cause dizziness, sweating, muscle tremors and hallucinations.

The effect of combinations of these torture techniques is a situation in which the interaction of physiological and psy-

chological variables produces highly intensified sensory deprivation. This can cause hallucinations and greatly increases the pliability of detainees under interrogation. It also increases their suggestibility and diminishes mental competence.

The rising public outcry led the British government to form the Compton Tribunal to investigate the allegations of brutality and torture. Its report was denounced even by the partisan *London Observer* as "six grains of truth and a bucket of whitewash." Intimidation (i.e. "if you don't tell us we will beat it out of you") becomes "spontaneous overt verbal examination;" the helicopter treatment is "a deception operation;" a series of taxing floor exercises lasting from 12 to 14 hours is no more than "positional changes." However, the masterpiece in verbal gymnastics is undoubtedly the attempt to distinguish between ill-treatment and brutality. "We consider," writes Compton "that brutality is an inhuman or savage form of cruelty and that cruelty implies a disposition to inflict suffering, coupled with indifference to, or pleasure in, the victim's pain. We do not think that happened." In other words, what is admitted as having occurred is merely "ill-treatment," since those inflicting the "ill-treatment took no pleasure in the exercise!"

## Long Kesh Camp

Brutality is commonplace. Few of those arrested have not been subjected to some form of verbal intimidation and physical beating. Among the most widespread practices are banging the head against the wall; beating the head with a baton in crescendo fashion; slapping the ear and face with an open hand; twisting the arms behind the back and twisting fingers; prodding the stomach with straight fingers; chopping blows to the ribs from behind with simultaneous blows to the stomach; kicking on the knees and shins; and smashing the fingers with rifle butts.

A number of independent organizations, including Amnesty International, have investigated the allegations of torture and have found conclusive evidence that a wide variety of tortures have been used. Among the more sadistic were hand squeezing of testicles; insertion of instruments into the rectum; injections; electric cattle prod; administration of electric shocks; burning with matches, cigarettes and electric fires; beatings with batons on every part of the body; Russian roulette, firing of blanks in prisoner's mouth; making prisoners run barefoot over broken glass; urinating on

but the prisoner is unaware of this.

## Long Kesh Camp

Long Kesh consists of a number of cages. Each cage measures 70 yards by 30 and is surrounded by a 12-foot-high wire fence with coils of meshed barbed wire on top. Each cage has four Nissen huts and a washroom. Each hut is 120 feet by 24, and has to house 40 men. There is no space between the bunk beds; the roofs leak; the wind whistles in. Camp conditions have been loudly condemned by the International Red Cross and by Amnesty International. No association is allowed between the cages. Prisoners are distributed randomly, which often means that fathers, sons, and brothers are separated by barbed wire. One visit of half-an-hour per week is permitted. In February, 1973, the British Undersecretary Peter Mills revealed that more money was spent on food for the guard dogs in Leicester Jail in England than for the internees at Long Kesh.

The recently passed Northern Ireland Emergency Provisions Act goes further than the Special Powers Act. It removes the protection of the Acts for the Protection of Children from children of 14 years and upwards. Children may be held without bail, interrogated for 72 hours, put into special remand homes and interned.

These homes are now under construction.

The British Army's "expert" on counter-insurgency, Brigadier Frank Kitson, put Britain's policies in Northern Ireland into proper perspective when he said that "the law should be used as just another weapon in the government's arsenal, and in this case it becomes little more than a propaganda cover for the disposal of unwanted members of the public."

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# Wagstaffing Your Way to Happiness

By Howard Husock

The Boston Phoenix proudly designates the replies below as the most cogent responses to the July 16 "Meaningful Relationship Contest." For those who may have missed it, the contest called on our highly sophisticated readership to arrive at a legitimizing and manageable identifying term for those among us violating Mass. Law Ch. 272, Section 16, which prohibits cohabitation. Our impartial panel of eunuchs has carefully considered the issue and has agreed that the winner is Frederick Wagstaff. Although the panel doubts that Mr. Wagstaff's creative effort will really solve the social crisis in question, it unhesitatingly will award him first prize (should he desire it): an ID bracelet.

As a solution to the linguistic problems encountered by those engaged in a meaningful relationship I offer the following solution, to wit; my name and its derivatives.

**wagstaff:** (1) A meaningful relationship between any two people not bound by conventional marriage. (2) Any person engaged in such a relationship. (**wagstaffing, wagstaffed.**)

**waggle:** (1) To engage in a brief meaningful relationship. (2) To offer to engage in a brief meaningful relationship or request an other to do so. "How'd you like to waggle tonight?" (**wagglng, waggled.**)

**waglag:** (1) A temporary rift in a meaningful relationship. (2) Any person who seduces another under the guise of wishing to establish a meaningful relationship. (**waglagng, waglagged.**)

**wagstiff:** (1) A permanent dissolving of a meaningful relationship. (2) To break a

social appointment with someone, to stand someone up.

**waglet:** (1) The offspring of a heterosexual meaningful relationship. (2) Any pet of a homosexual meaningful relationship upon which is lavished the affection usually bestowed on children, usually a French poodle.

May every waggle lead to a true wagstaff with few waglags, and no wagstiffs or waglagers, and may the joyful patter of little waglets' feet (or paws) be heard throughout the land.

Humbly offered in the name of true meaningful relationships everywhere.

Fred Wagstaff  
Cambridge

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary defines:

1 *Chum* - n. [Perhaps by shortening & alteration from chamber fellow (roommate)]: an intimate friend.

Also:

2 *Chum* v.i. *chummed*; *chumming* 1: to room together 2: to be an intimate friend

Also:

*Chummy* adj.: intimate, sociable

So there. The word was there all the time — maybe not the implication, but since Webster doesn't limit his definition by gender, one can assume whatever one wants. And why invent a new word when it's always fun to revive an old one?

Elaine Heveron  
Miami

First of all I want to state that this "linguistic dilemma" is not limited to people relating closely together in a non-legal situation. I'm sure there are many people like Tom and me who have gotten legally married for some rather coldly rational reasons

and who are trying very hard and succeeding to various degrees in not getting caught up in any of the cultural bullshit that goes along with it. There were some simple and very effective things that we did to help us: for instance, I kept my name and we did not exchange rings. Another thing we have tried to do (but it's been very difficult and thus not as effective as the other things mentioned) is not to use the terms "married," "husband" or "wife." I can't stand to refer to Tom as MY husband and he can't stand to refer to me as MY wife. The terms sound alien to us; don't seem to describe us at all — which is good. But we have the same problem. What do we

say instead?

I like the term "main squeeze." I think I'll try using it in situations when I'm with my peers. However, the problem hardly ever comes up in those situations. So for those times when a less funky, more simple and formal response is needed I vote for: SP, pronounced as initials standing for "special person."

Kit Andrews  
Worcester

In answer to the Meaningful Relationship Contest I submit the word *kish*. It has no English definition. A new word has the advantage of not connoting old meanings that would detract

from the purpose we want our word to perform. *Kish* is a small, simple word with a soft, gentle sound. I'm looking forward to a word we may all be proud to use always.

John Howard  
Millis

I submit to the Meaningful Relationship Contest the word that says it all — consort — connoting companion, mate, harmony, agreement.

Jill Stein  
Cambridge

How about: Co-Vivant(e)?

S. Tamber  
Boston

## Feminist Calendar

### Sunday, Aug. 4

Channel 5 TV: Your Place and Mine, 12:30 p.m.: Women in Journalism. Panel includes Boston Phoenix editor Laura Katz.

### Monday, Aug. 5

Cambridge YWCA, 7 Temple St.; 491-6050: Third summer session begins.

New Words Bookstore, 419 Washington St., Somerville; 876-5310: Emily Culpepper's film *Period Piece*, 8 p.m.

Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St., Cambridge; 354-8807: Pregnancy and abortion counseling, Mon., Tues., Thurs., 2-8 p.m.; Sat., 12-4 p.m. Call 547-2255.

WBCN: Women's Show, 6:30 p.m.  
COPE, 2 Hanson St., Boston;

627-6748: Post-abortion rap groups.

### Tuesday, Aug. 6

DOB, 419 Boylston St., Boston; 262-1592: Gay rap, 7:30 p.m.

### Wednesday, Aug. 7

DOB: Gay mothers rap, 7:30 p.m.

WTBS-FM (88.1): The Majority Speaks, 6 p.m.

BU Women's Center, 185 Bay State Road, Boston; 353-4240: Staff meeting, 4:30 p.m. All women welcome.

### Thursday, Aug. 8

WBUR-FM (90.9): If a Woman Answers, 8 p.m.; The Gay Way, 9 p.m.

Women's Center: Lesbian meeting, 8 p.m.  
Women's Center in

Brookline, 40 Webster Place; 566-8507, 232-7477: General meeting, 8 p.m.; orientation for new members, 7:30 p.m. The future of the Center will be discussed.

### Friday, Aug. 9

Channel 4 TV: Sonya Hamlin Show: Architect Doris Cole talks about women in architecture, 9 a.m.

### Saturday, Aug. 10

WBZ-FM: I Am Woman, 9:05 a.m.

### Sunday, Aug. 11


WCAS-AM: Open Doors, 9:30 a.m.; Closet Space, 10:30 a.m.

Channel 5 TV: Your Place and Mine, 12:30 p.m.


WRKO radio: Generation, with China Altmann, 9 p.m.

Cambridge YWCA: Women's basketball, 2 p.m.

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# Sargent Vetoes Controls on Abortions

By Connie Paige

After a strenuous eleventh-hour lobbying effort by the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts (CLUM), Governor Sargent last week vetoed the bill passed by the legislature restricting the practice of abortion in the state. Originally much stronger, the final version of the bill would have attached criminal penalties to the performance of abortions on women less than 24 weeks pregnant if the doctor had not deemed the operation "necessary." An unusually detailed informed consent clause also would have required the written permission of both parents of a minor.

CLUM's judgment was that both of these provisions were unconstitutional, according to the 1973 Supreme Court ruling allowing the decision to have an abortion to be made by the pregnant woman and her doctor. Constitutional considerations influenced William Delahunt (D-Quincy), the sponsor of the bill, and the House leadership to water down the original drafts that would have restricted abortions after 20 weeks and required the husband's consent, and, according to his aide Al Kramer, Governor Sargent had the same constitutional concerns about the final bill. For proponents of the earlier bill, the crunch came when a Minnesota court struck down a similar state statute at the end of June, giving rise to the fear that the Massachusetts legislation would not pass judicial review.

In spite of all the controversy the bill has generated, feminists are saying that for the first time on this particular issue they have received downright decent treatment during their buttonholing

on Beacon Hill. One man in particular has received kudos from all sides. Said Susan Gunderson, State House lobbyist for the National Organization for Women, "I'm sure he doesn't want to be thanked publicly by NOW, but Bill Delahunt has always been extremely fair to us, knowing full well that we were

working as hard as we could against him. When push came to shove, he was the one who changed all the really objectionable clauses. Personally, I almost feel sorry for him now that Sargent has vetoed the bill, sorry that he chose to spend so much of his time so ill-advisedly."

At this writing it was not so clear, however, that Delahunt wasted his time. He expected the legislature to override the governor's veto last Friday. If that does not happen, he will most certainly file the bill again, and next time it will not be an election year.

Meanwhile, the much more

serious threat to the Supreme Court decision continues on the national level. Riders to various bills have already prohibited the use of Medicaid, AID and legal aid funds for abortion or abortion referral, and there are four Constitutional amendments up before Congress that would effectively ban abortion altogether.

## Another Truce Made In Bicentennial War

By Sharon Basco

Our local promoters of the Bicentennial have gone through yet another scuffle, a mild bout of arm-wrestling with the souvenir sellers of Boston. Last month Boston 200 announced plans to open eight gift sales outlets here, where official Bicentennial products would be pushed, and profits over a two-year period would, it was hoped, total half a million dollars.

That half a million, local gift store owners were quick to conclude, would be money out of their profits.

"They'll put us out of business, that's all," one downtown gift shop owner said. "We're paying taxes to run Boston 200, and we would be paying the salaries of the very people who would run official shops to compete with us."

Joseph O'Connor, operations manager for Boston 200, said that the money which would have been gained from the gift sales was an integral part of "our overall budget, very much needed to promote Boston, to provide services for visitors, and to provide long lasting benefits for Boston residents and

merchants." Gift shop owners wasted no time in telling O'Connor where not to put the gift shops. After a bit of arm-wrestling the Bicentennial Committee compromised; they would sell souvenirs only at exhibits where an admission fee would be charged, they'd drop plans for all other gift-selling ventures except the shop already in operation at Faneuil Hall, and that shop would be up for bids in April 1975. Boston 200 will, under the compromise, sell only educational and informational products at their centers at Logan Airport, the Boston Common, and New City Hall. Souvenirs will be sold at Boston 200's 18th Century exhibit at Quincy Market, the 19th Century exhibit at Stuart Street, and the 20th Century exhibit at the Prudential Center, which are enclosed and admission-charged.

Boston 200 has invited local shop-owners to sell official Bicentennial products, and has promised to promote shops that agree to carry them. At this point, everybody seems agreeably happy with the compromise.

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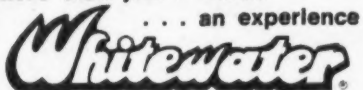
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# Garrity on Busing: 'No Delaying Tactics'

By Tom Sheehan

A major school busing question was answered last week when the Boston School Committee failed to come up with its own alternative to the state's racial imbalance plan.

The failure, which the committee blamed on the weariness of some key administrators, means that the state plan to reduce racial imbalance in Boston's schools will go into effect this September. Under that plan some 17,000 children will be bused.

With that question out of the way, Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity ordered the city to spend the necessary funds for busing — including \$4.6 million in contracts with bus companies — and made it clear he would tolerate no delaying tactics.

"If need be . . ." said Garrity, "I'll be enjoining those officials who in any way inhibit disbursement of funds. And if the situation develops next spring that those in authority took a 'dog in the manger' attitude, the court is not without authority to compel expenditures."

Garrity also took on last week another segregated part of the Boston school system: its faculty. Up until the present, over two-thirds of the system's black teachers have been assigned to

schools that are largely black.

In a series of complex rulings, Garrity ordered the reassignment of black teachers throughout the system and the immediate employment of three full-time recruiters to hire black teachers. He also said that for each white teacher hired this year, a black should also be hired.

Faculty desegregation is an area that the state's imbalance plan failed to deal with, but it isn't the only one.

"One defect with the plan," said John Leubsdorf, an attorney for the N.A.A.C.P. and black parents who brought suit against the School Committee, "is that it fails to reach large sections of Boston. Another is that a larger number of blacks are to be bused."

"The plan isn't enough," he continued, "but it's better than nothing."

The latest projections by the Boston School Department show that in a system that is 62 percent white, a large number of schools will remain way out of line in terms of their racial compositions this fall.

Three high schools will be over half black. One of them, Boston Trade, will be 78 percent black.

Two high schools, East Boston and Charlestown, will remain 97 percent or more white. And Boston Latin will be only 12 percent nonwhite, with many of the nonwhite kids Chinese.

At the intermediate level (grades six through eight), eight schools, all but one of them in the Roxbury area, will be majority nonwhite. Two of them, the Dearborn and the Lewis, will be over 90 percent black. (The one non-Roxbury school at this level is the Michelangelo in the North End, where there will be a large number of Chinese kids.)

Three intermediate schools will be 97 percent or more white: the Edwards in Charlestown, the Shaw in West Roxbury and the Barnes in East Boston.

N.A.A.C.P. attorneys last week proposed a change in the state plan that would have corrected the racial percentages at six of the intermediate schools. They dropped the idea, though, when it became clear Judge Garrity was unwilling to make such a change so late in the game.

At the elementary school level the number of segregated schools is much higher: 35 schools will remain 95 percent or more white, and 40 will be majority non-

white. Of those 40, 17 will be more than 90 percent black.

With the events last week it's now clear that the state plan, complete with its defects, will go into effect this September, and there is now little left to distract city officials from dealing with safety considerations for the kids to be bused.

Among the still undecided issues is a School Committee request to postpone school opening day about a week, largely because of M.B.T.A. scheduling.

That request should be ruled on quickly.

And on August 12 Judge Garrity will take up the question of where to build new schools in the future, a question on which he's already expressed his general ideas.

"From here on in," he said last week, "it would be critical that new construction be in fringe areas of the city . . . that schools not be located in residential areas that are all white or all black."

## FBI Sued for Harassment

A former student activist is suing the Federal Bureau of Investigation for harassment which allegedly caused him to lose three jobs in the last three years.

The suit was filed by the American Civil Liberties Union in Denver on behalf of V. Stevens Kite. Kite is a former member of Students for a Democratic Society.

The A.C.L.U. suit alleges that agents of the FBI contacted three Denver corporations where Kite worked to inform the companies that Kite had been involved in bombing incidents on the University of Oregon cam-

pus. Kite says that while a member of the S.D.S., he was only a union organizer and was never arrested or charged for any bombing activities.

The A.C.L.U. reports it is asking the court to declare that Kite's constitutional rights have been violated and that the FBI be restrained from interfering with any future employment of Kite's.

The suit also demands \$150,000 back in punitive damages and that the FBI release its dossier on Kite.

—Zodiac News Service

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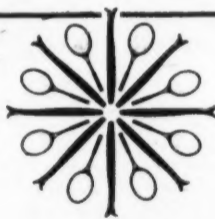
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# Center

Continued from page 3

because of a precedent set earlier this month. At that time, a Performance Center plumber sued Wasserman Development directly for money owed him — and won. The decision, which would seem to indicate that Wasserman must pay the full \$95,000 to the various creditors, was barely three weeks old when the contractors initiated proceedings that will gain them nothing.

George Berbeco notes pointedly that two of the three contractors who brought the bankruptcy proceedings regularly work for none other than Wasserman Development Corp. Is there a link between their action, which will apparently save the Wasserman Corp. some money, and the bankruptcy petition? "It's certainly curious," says Berbeco, who charges that the younger Wasserman has long sought his ouster and that of Abramson.

"I absolutely deny that I had anything to do with the bankruptcy proceedings," says the elder Wasserman, angry to the point of threatening legal action against anyone making such allegations.

One contractor says, "I was just sick of those guys staying in business because of my work — me busting my hump and they never paying. I felt like a jackass.



The Performance Center Staff That Closed It Up

The idea that Max Wasserman is giving me anything for this is ridiculous. He wouldn't give you ice in the winter."

The contractor is of the opinion that he may get some money for his work — not through the bankruptcy proceedings, but perhaps through D.A. Drony's office.

"I'm going up there as soon as possible," he said. "None of us ever knew we were supposed to get our money from Wasserman. If I knew that, I would have contracted directly with Wasserman."

The pledge to contact the district attorney emanates from an electrical contractor who

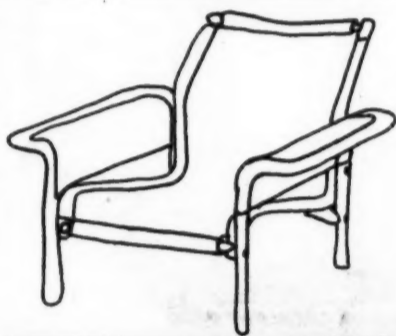
believes that the Berbeco-Abramson management did not show large losses merely because of mismanagement.

The contractor points out that the Performance Center grossed more than \$400,000 in six months and will ask the District Attorney to investigate how it was expended.

Berbeco reacts to suspicions of dishonesty as angrily as Max Wasserman does to allegations about the bankruptcy proceedings. "I lost money on the deal and I'm embarrassed. But that's the extent of what happened. If there's one thing I have it is my honor and integrity. Everything was done with the utmost sincerity. I can categorically deny any wrongdoing."

Peter Wasserman, arch-critic of Berbeco and Abramson, readily agrees that "gross mismanagement" explains the Performance Center's failure. "They lost \$103,000 in six months. You'd have to call that gross mismanagement. The only way they could save themselves was to create a legal dispute and hold off the creditors and the landlord. If they had started making profits, that might have worked. But they didn't. I regret very much not only that I lost some money, but that the idea of a Cambridge community entertainment center went down the drain."

The truth about the premature death of the Performance Center appears as elusive today as a seat in the premises was on recent occasions. Long court proceedings seem certain in coming months, but, at present, one truth, as expressed by Peter Wasserman, seems absolute. "The Wasserman Development Corporation," he said, "has a space to rent."



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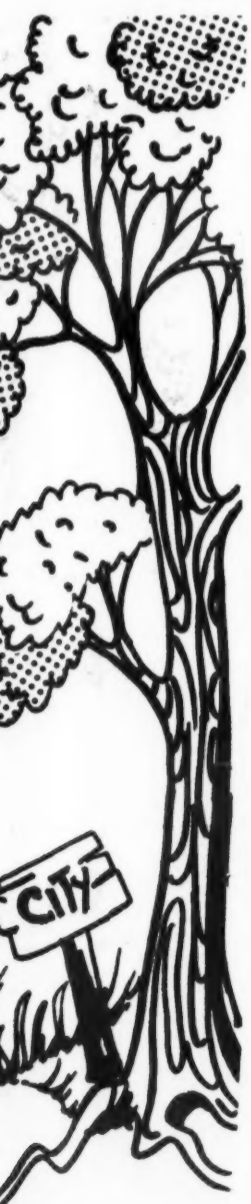
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# Guns/ Butter

Continued from page 4

basked in the Nixon era, is being swiftly succeeded by the economics of the past.

## ELLINGTON CONCERT

Thousands of people will be able to pay tribute to the late Duke Ellington at a concert presented by the National Center of Afro-American Artists. The Duke Ellington Orchestra under the direction of Mercer

Ellington will perform at 8 p.m. Sunday, August 4 at the Hatch Shell.

The Center regrets moving the first Boston appearance of the orchestra since the Duke's death from the Elma Lewis Playhouse in the Park. Elma Lewis says the Playhouse was scheduled for a permanent facility this year so that it will remain for all time. However, a series of misadventures with the Parks and Recreation Department of the City of Boston delayed contract negotiations to such an extent that the Playhouse did not open on its traditional date for the

first time in 9 years. The hope was then to open the Playhouse on August 4 with the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Again problems arose and at this time the Elma Lewis Playhouse in-the-Park is scheduled to open on August 11 for a short season.

In keeping with the NCAAA's yearly tradition of having the Duke Ellington Orchestra it was decided to seek another location rather than cancel the concert. Next year the Duke Ellington Orchestra will return to the permanent Elma Lewis Playhouse in-the-Park for its yearly concert.

## SERVANT PROBLEM

The White House maintains a 93-man staff of Navy Filipinos, despite a three-year-old Navy directive to do away with all Filipino servant units.

A study by the General Accounting Office says that many of the White House Filipinos complain that they are forced to work six-day weeks and at late-night parties given by President Nixon's friends.

The Filipinos, the lowest-ranking enlisted men in the Navy's administrative unit, serve lunch in the White House staff dining room and perform

valet chores.

Smaller units of Navy Filipinos were assigned to the Kennedy and Johnson White House; however, during the Nixon years, the G.A.O. reports, the size of the detail has nearly doubled.

The report also noted that Filipino stewards are often ordered to make trips to military commissaries to purchase food on behalf of presidential aides at discount prices — a violation of commissary regulations.

The report said that in addition to the navy unit, 65 Army men are assigned to the White House to act as chauffeurs.

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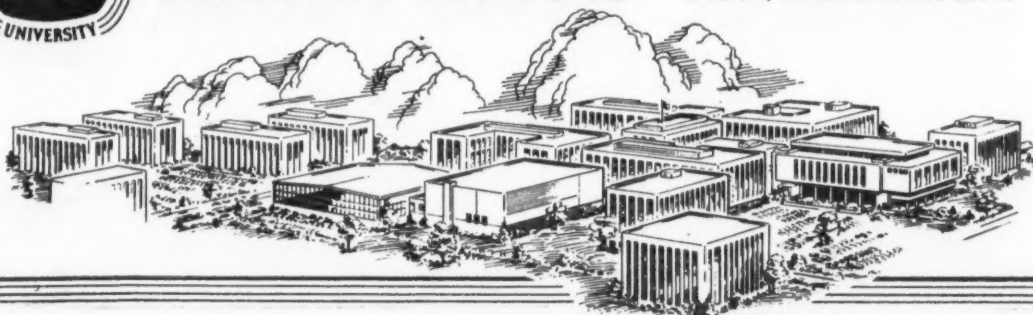
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## Daycare

Continued from page 7

profit or profitmaking. Without subsidies, the group care of youngsters that under optimum conditions might become a welcome social supplement to the American family will never have the chance to flourish, and mothers like me will continue to experience an agony of indecision about what to do.

### Nonprofit Daycare

I first went to centers close to my home in Somerville. Just over the border in Cambridge is Children's Village, housed in the redecorated office space of the consulting firm Abt Associates. Started by an Abt employee as a profitmaking venture three years ago, the nascent Children's Village was never able to attract the investment expected, according to the present director, Maich Gardner, and the staff finally insisted it be converted to nonprofit. Now Abt Associates pays 20 percent of the center's costs, and the remainder of operating expenses comes solely from tuitions.

Unlike the bleak church basement and reconstituted warehouse surroundings of many nonprofit centers, Children's Village has pleasant floor-to-ceiling windows, an interesting indoor decor designed and built by the parents and teachers, and an unusual outdoor play-yard. In order to pay the rent for this space and adequate staff salaries as well, the center has to charge tuitions that go as high as \$56 a week and to enroll more children than there really is room for. The result is crowding and cacophony, which in turn create an excess of stimuli for the children, which in time aggravate, if not cause, behavior problems. A prevailing belief in an unstructured environment keeps the teachers, as skilled as some of them are, forever on the move. I was often reminded, during two days observation, of lifeguards coping with multiple crises.

In this context I saw three-year-olds hurling heavy wooden blocks across a crowded room; two-year-olds perpetually wandering away unnoticed; one one-year-old falling asleep on the playground and napping restlessly as the activity swirled

around her. The infants' program was less hectic, but the tiny room serving as a nursery was also a frequently used entrance and exit to the center — no matter if the babies were trying to sleep. Mealtime was so chaotic that several times children were ignored when they asked for seconds, simply because teachers were busy elsewhere. Less easily explained by the free-form atmosphere were the small quantities of food for one evening meal, served to accommodate parents who have to work late.

Here, as in almost every place I visited, the staff were respectful, encouraging and warm towards the children, but hampered by limitations usually preordained by underfunding. At the Oxford Street cooperative in Cambridge, radicals hoping to provide reasonably priced daycare for the working poor as well as their own children were forced to pay their staff a miserably low wage. At the Open Center for Children in Somerville, the collective of teachers who founded it had to work as long as 14 hours a day for nothing in order to accumulate enough capital to purchase playground equipment. At Creative Playmates in Arlington, the director had to take on an unusually high quota of state-financed "special need" children simply to pay the bills. It's too depressing to write about all the other nonprofit centers I visited with their similarly idiosyncratic problems.

Nor will I bother to extol the Harvard Yard center, the only place I truly wanted to put my child. Its superior staff ratio, sufficient salaries and imaginatively structured indoor and outdoor areas were made possible by a substantial subsidy from Harvard University and the long hours the parents could contribute. The director, Jane Trumpy, told me right away that she had a waiting list of 150, and had been receiving sometimes as many as 25 queries a day.

I began venturing farther from home, eventually visiting the Commonwealth Avenue Day School in Kenmore Square in Boston, a nonprofit corporation funded from federal and private grants. Housed in a bowfront, magnificently kept up, the school in many ways is seductive: parquet floors gleaming with polish, lovely and intricate children's artwork on the walls, multi-racial mix, fresh fruit and



A Daycare Youngster Takes A Big Look

vegetables for lunch, scholastically rich program and, finally, the achievements of the graduates, many of whom go on to private schools on scholarship or to the city's best public ones.

Although a few of the kids stay on through the afternoon until their parents finish work, the Commonwealth Avenue Day School is not just a daycare center. Its objective, quite baldly stated, is to open up the widest possible range of options for culturally disadvantaged

children. The emphasis is on learning to cope with a schedule even at the age of four and mastering the cognitive skills necessary to get ahead in the first grade tracks. With definite class periods of one-half hour, pre-formulated lesson plans and a curriculum heavy on the three Rs, there is none of the open classroom, a concept that Janice Cuddy, president of the corporation as well as director of the school and its academic pilot, views as "fallacious."

Apparently it all works. An arithmetic teacher there, David Paskin, explained that by the time they leave, his kids can add, subtract and perform basic algebra. According to Cuddy, 80 percent of the first graduating class from three years ago now are above grade level in reading and math, and none from that group is failing.

When I asked whether such pressure might not be psychologically damaging to small

—Please turn to page 20

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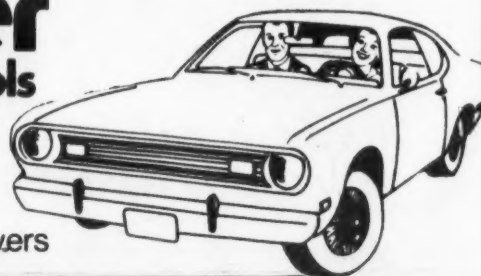
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## Daycare

Continued from page 19

children, Janice Cuddy reacted most sharply. "If a child can read at the age of four and his father happens to be teaching at Harvard," she said, "it's no big deal. You expect it. The parents are bright. But you get some children from Jamaica Plain reading at four — it's said that they're pressured and they should be playing in the sand-box. We're trying to break that kind of image."

I certainly could not argue with that notion until such time as there really is equal opportunity — but I instinctively recoiled from an atmosphere that fostered obedience. I probably couldn't get my child into the Commonwealth School anyway, since I fit none of its requirements: I am neither recently back to work, just off Welfare; nor grossly underpaid; nor a Boston resident (though this center does make a few exceptions). Besides, this is not the ideal school, probably, for kids who are shy but whose cognitive skills are adequate — which happens to apply to my child.

### Profitmaking Daycare

At one place I felt a little like Gulliver: Lilliputians engulfed me — pulling at each others' pigtails and Afros to get close to me, two of them vying for the chance to button my jacket, one stroking my shoes, another clawing my arm, a third whining for a nosewipe.

Almost the entire time I spent at this daycare center, Camille's on Howland Street in Roxbury, a little girl begged me to pick her up. I finally carried her inside to the bathroom at her request, only to find no toilet paper. "We hand it out," the cook explained, "because they kept stopping up the toilet with it."

Outside, the play equipment was broken and the yard so crowded that the children could hardly run without bumping each other over. As they swarmed inside for lunch, one of the teachers yelled to the other, "Let's not forget and leave A— outside like we did yesterday."



A Helping Hand at Harvard Yard Daycare Center

I had become by now a more experienced observer of daycare centers, and I began to see why experts say that staff ratio is the best thumbnail indicator of quality. At Camille's, the children's conspicuous need for adult attention and their easy ability to get overlooked was directly related to the paucity of teachers, only two for 45 two-and-a-half to four-year-olds.

The Office for Children, the state body that regulates daycare, recognizes the need for adult-child interaction and requires at least one adult for every ten children three years and older. Melissa Tillman, the Office's director of licensing, described these regulations as only a "minimum floor," a "baseline of health and safety for the kids." Federal Interagency Daycare Requirements, by which centers receiving federal aid must abide, cut the ratio in half. Camille's and other centers

I saw in poor neighborhoods simply did not meet these requirements.

I was not to see a single daycare center, in all fairness, that had an easy time keeping up to standard, almost always because of financial reasons. Camille Bailey would not divulge her operating budget, for Camille's and two other centers under the same company roof, but it stands to reason that her working class clientele alone could hardly support her, her two "silent partners" and a good program besides. She can charge no more than \$25 a week, she claims, which is extraordinarily low by comparison with other centers, and she says the Welfare Department owes her money from as far back as 1968. Some of her parents, she says, never pay her. "They give you a check and it bounces," she explained. "Sometimes they pay me eventually; sometimes they move. Sometimes if you figure the

price is too high for them, you reduce it, and they still don't pay. Then you figure they're city slickers and you have to tell them the children can't come any more."

It is not just the centers in poorer neighborhoods that turn out to be marginal businesses. An extensive study done by the Cambridge consulting firm Abt Associates in 1970-71, based on visits to 40 carefully chosen centers, concludes that "quality child care is not, in general, financially profitable." Even a 1973 prospectus by the Bank of America's *Small Business Reporter* on how to set up profit-making centers cautions that daycare is a "high-overhead, low-profit business."

### Live and Learn

Disputing this view is George Naddaff, president of the Living and Learning chain, with 24 daycare centers located throughout Massachusetts — Naddaff, who once said to me, "I'm not nonprofit so I'm not the Holy Ghost." I visited two of his centers, one in Acton and the other in the main corporate headquarters in Waltham.

Living and Learning went public in 1971, and has been running a deficit ever since. This fiscal year it looks as if the corporation will be in the black, or maybe just break even, according to Naddaff. With vigorous

handsell, he tried to convince me that he could run daycare as well as the average educator and still eventually draw profits. Part of the secret, he said, lay in the scope of the business, with its bulk purchases and cumulative expertise in building and design.

Corporate efficiency resulted, I found, in none of the serious deficiencies of ghetto daycare, but, instead, in subtler problems. At the Waltham center the younger kids, outpaced by the older, couldn't always get to the kitchen fast enough to get second helpings of lunch, said the three-year-olds' teacher, and their snack fare looked nutritionally valueless. For the summer, sand from an indoor sandbox had been trucked outside instead of saved for rainy day activities, which struck me as a foolish economy. Housekeeping toys were put in storage because the children had "abused" them, director Judy Comjean explained, rather than being replaced with sturdier models. At Acton, physically a beautiful place, three different age groups shared a single huge room with partitions but no walls. The program there, some visitors feel, overloads the children with much too much to do. In any event, the acoustically deficient ceiling did little to muffle the distracting noise; five Living and Learning schools are modeled on the same design.

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Naddaff's other major money-saving device is the corporation's staffing formula, which predicts a lower personnel figure than the enrollment would require. Nancy Bergstrom, Living and Learning's Vice President for Personnel and Staff Development, explained it to me: "If we enroll 100 children, we'll have anywhere from 85 to 92 showing up. We can always get a substitute person if 100 show up."

When I ventured that the change of faces might be a bit unsettling for the children, Naddaff replied that it was "more stimulating" and provided "more variety."

Living and Learning has, anyway, the minimum staff ratio required by the state, 1 to 10. Pay is low, ranging from the minimum daycare worker wage of \$1.90, up to \$3 per hour. Furthermore, staff salaries represent only 40 to 45 percent of the Living and Learning budget, according to Naddaff's books, whereas the Abt study recommends about 80 percent and the Bank of America report, 55 to 65 percent. For comparison's sake, the salaries at Children's Village constitute 73 percent of their budget.

The consequences of low pay and overstretched staff are evident in sometimes lackluster group management — or, as Judy Comjean put it, "There are many people who are marvelously qualified who can't afford to teach here." Thus I saw an inexperienced and ineffectual teacher with too many charges allow a youngster screaming from a speck in his eye to hide alone in a corner in another room and scribble dejectedly all over a library book. Apart from first aid, all he needed, as far as I could tell, was some stroking. Later, this same teacher couldn't abandon the rest of the group to supervise two little children on their way alone to another classroom. When I suggested it might be helpful to have a co-teacher, she agreed: "There are so many occasions on which we have to leave the children."

Despite these problems, which Naddaff attributes to start-up costs and inflation, he really believes in his business. He has testified before Congressional hearings that profitmaking daycare, as well as nonprofit, should receive federal funding; ultimately, however, he feels the burden should not be on the taxpayer. For now, he is able to provide care at relatively low cost for about 3000 kids, or approximately six percent of the Commonwealth's children in daycare, which is no small accomplishment considering that Living and Learning centers, though not excellent, are not at

all execrable by current standards.

His argument is made best for him by Grace Mitchell, executive vice-president and corporation director, and educational director of the 24 centers, a woman with an extensive background in daycare dating back to World War II, when the government funded it. "I really believed for a couple of years after the war there was enough interest generated in early childhood education that things were going to happen for daycare. I felt so frustrated when all that I saw come out of it was Head Start. That's when I said, 'I've been on the opposite side of the fence, part of the group that said only educators should be in daycare, not businesses. Let's see if it can be changed.' I was just tired of waiting. I'm not going to sit on my hands for another ten years and in the meantime have another generation of children grow old."

**Legislative Action**

No doubt about it — Living and Learning and similar corporations are for now helping some families who might otherwise not have access to programs. But the time for quality nonprofit daycare — like national health insurance — has not yet really come. Most people in the field are eagerly waiting for the federal government to make a major financial commitment to childcare, a commitment that first was proposed by Senator Walter Mondale in the Comprehensive Child Development Act of 1971 vetoed by President Nixon. Mondale submitted a similar bill in 1972 and another this year.

The Child and Family Services Act now before Congress makes no distinction between profitmaking and nonprofit daycare, authorizing across the board \$150 million for the coming fiscal year for the establishment and maintenance of childcare programs, \$700 million for 1976 and \$1 billion in 1977.

The House version of the bill, now bottled up in committee, would also provide for federally financed mortgage insurance for daycare; the Senate version, hopefully to be the subject of hearings during the beginning of August, gives priority to children of economically disadvantaged working families, with others paying on a sliding scale. Neither bill rules out funding for what is known in the trade as family daycare — where people will take a few children into their homes — an alternative arrangement, according to polls, preferred by many parents.

No one expects the bills, filed primarily to keep the issue alive,

to become law this session. Connie Drath, a legislative aide to Massachusetts Congresswoman Margaret Heckler, one of the sponsors of the House bill, explained, "I can't realistically predict that it will go in a positive direction. There are too many issues of national concern. Daycare just right now isn't." Meanwhile, other federal monies for daycare, except for

greater, far in excess of the Child and Family Services Act's authorizations.

If these already insubstantial funds end up going to the profit-makers, the likelihood is that they will continue to expand while attempting to return a healthy dividend to their backers, a trend in these inflationary times that does not indicate quality daycare and may well

expectations. The more centers I observed, the more I realized that one can be overprotective as a mother of even a young child. Maybe I listened too closely when Jane Trumpy of Harvard Yard agreed with me that the shy kids seem to get lost in the group, but not enough when she added that children provide support for each other.

It's possible I shrank too quickly from exposing him to emotionally deprived children or shifting staff faces, for he encounters such experiences every day in his own neighborhood. As for crowding — well, I've been able to adjust to a Somerville two-family after a childhood in a modestly upper middle-class Westchester home, and Chapin's never lived above my means.

For the psychological ramifications of daycare, it took a visit with an expert finally to reassure me that my son could be shielded from the most disturbing elements of bad daycare and that he probably would not be psychologically scarred by the situations he might run up against. "As kids get older," explained Dr. Elizabeth Fox, a child development specialist associated with Children's Hospital and Harvard Medical School who herself has evaluated many local daycare centers, "they get much more resilient, much more able to hold off bad experiences. There are real ways a parent can insulate kids against bad daycare — spend time talking with the kids, question the teachers' philosophy, hang around, see where your allies are — because usually there are some people around a daycare center who will do right by you."

What was it then? Not the lack of safety. If I made a commitment to help out and protested the practices I really disliked, I might be able to influence any such situation.

I guess I know what it is. It's a nearly universal attitude, one that contributes to a vicious circle. Almost every parent thinks of his or her child as special, which is probably one reason why there hasn't been enough strong mass support for daycare in the first place. But with very few exceptions, at this time and in this place, there isn't much that's special about daycare.



Daycare Center on Commonwealth Ave.

nutritional expenses, are not expected to increase. Nor has the state budget allowed an appreciable amount more for programs.

Childcare, remarks Mav Pardee of the Cambridge Childcare Resource Center, "just doesn't catch peoples' fancy as a thing to fund. It's sort of a bottomless pit."

Indeed it is. According to the 1972 Bank of America report, of the 12.7 million women across the country who were working at the time those statistics were compiled, 4.4 million of them had 5.5 million children not old enough for school. Multiply the lowest possible figure for the cost of one child in one year of daycare quoted in the Abt report, or \$1200, and the yearly sum for putting all those children in fulltime services is \$6.6 billion. Abt's higher estimate for the best possible daycare is about four times

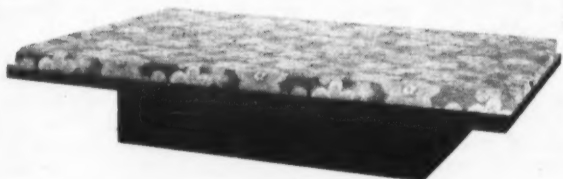
mean even higher costs and eventually taxes. As the profit-makers become more powerful, they will be able to exert more influence in Washington. Their lobby has already exercised some control over licensing requirements, and Naddaff reports that in the last go-round of funding hearings, Mondale was more receptive to his presentation than ever before. It would be unfortunate if daycare became the province of yet another monied special-interest group.

**Scaling Down Criteria**

And what will I do about daycare? My options now are few and time-consuming: looking at suburban centers that most likely will be homogeneously upper middle class; setting up a neighborhood play group; finding a parent who will take my child in during the day.

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## Punishing Cocaine Like Heroin?

By Frank Rose

NEWARK, N.J.—Should cocaine use be punished like heroin use? Roger Lowenstein thinks not. Lowenstein, a 31-year-old federal public defender, is issuing the first Constitutional challenge to the federal law which imposes the same penalties on coke dealers as on heroin pushers.

The comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of 1970 classifies cocaine as a "narcotic," along with opium and the opiates, and imposes the same maximum penalty of 15 years and a \$25,000 fine. Violations involving methedrine carry a maximum penalty of only five years and \$15,000. Lowenstein, in a 37-page legal brief, argues that the classification of cocaine with heroin, rather than with such stimulants as methedrine, is arbitrary, and that a conviction would deprive the defendants of liberty without due process, violating their Fifth Amendment rights.

The defendants, both in their 20s, are Lawrence Brookins, a black man from East Orange, and Andres Gueche, a Latin bartender from Elizabeth. Brookins is charged with selling less than an ounce of a substance which turned out to be four percent cocaine; Gueche is charged with selling a similarly small amount to a persistent customer who turned out to be a federal agent. Both are facing the same 15 years and \$25,000 fines they would if it had been heroin.

Lowenstein feels this case is suitable for a challenge because it involved two indigent people charged with small amounts. "These are little people who can't afford lawyers," he says, "who come before the court in a sympathetic posture." Aside from that, however, he says he'd do it for anybody, since cocaine cases generally draw longer terms than cases involving any other drug except heroin, while amphetamines — which Lowenstein characterizes as "medically and socially far more damaging than cocaine" — are treated with relative leniency.

When Lowenstein appeared before U.S. District Court Judge Frederick B. Lacey in July to argue his brief and move for dismissal or for a full evidentiary hearing, the judge called the government's rebuttal "inadequate" and gave the prosecutor another month to gather more evidence. The next hearing is set for early September.

Although Lacey is a former New Jersey D.A., he is apparently not taking this case lightly. "This is considered a very serious challenge," Lowenstein says. A ruling that the prescribed punishment is unconstitutional would be binding in New Jersey and set a precedent for similar rulings in other districts.

The brief claims that "no reputable physician in the country would testify that cocaine is a narcotic drug"; in fact, a number of them are prepared to testify that it is not. Lowenstein has affidavits from such experts as Dr. James J. Thorpe, a former psychiatrist at the U.S. Public Service Hospital in Lexington, Ky. ("not a narcotic"); Dr. Robert G. Newman, New York City's assistant commissioner for addiction programs ("quite definitely not a narcotic"); Dr. Norman Zinberg of the Harvard Medical School ("a relatively minor drug of abuse"), and Dr. Richard Kunnes, a consultant with the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration ("a safe, non-addicting chemical"). Zinberg, who has done research in both this country and Colombia, comments that Andean Indians who have moved to the city seem no more distressed at having to give up coca leaves than American

tourists are at being unable to find an American newspaper. All of them support Lowenstein's contention that the federal law is unfair.

The existing law derives from the 1914 Harrison Narcotics Act, the first federal legislation to prohibit cocaine. The brief notes that the Harrison Act was passed in an atmosphere of blatant racism. Cocaine, which had been hailed as a remarkable stimulant when it was discovered in the late nineteenth century, became associated with the lower classes because of its cheapness and ready availability. By 1914 even the *New York Times* was quoting a presumed authority on "the negro cocaine fiends" who were said to be pillaging the South. Cocaine was legally defined as a narcotic drug in 1922, in an amendment to the Narcotic Drugs Export and Import Act.

### The Massachusetts Law

Like most state laws, the Massachusetts law classifies cocaine with heroin. Although the word "narcotic" is avoided, penalties for possession (up to five years) and sale (up to ten) of cocaine are the same as those for heroin, except that heroin cases sometimes involve mandatory sentences.

Although legal and medical definitions admittedly do not always conform, Lowenstein maintains that "once the government decides it's going to classify drugs, it has to do so in a logical manner." He argues that not only is cocaine not a narcotic in medical terms, but sociologically it should be grouped with the stimulants. "There must be some place in the Constitution where you can take a totally arbitrary and ridiculous law and challenge it," he says.

A similar challenge — in fact, the first against inappropriate regulation of drugs — was issued by Boston attorney Harvey Silverglade in 1968. In a case involving two men who police said had flown into Logan Airport with a trunkload of marijuana, Silverglade challenged the Massachusetts law's classification of marijuana as a narcotic. The Commonwealth hired a special prosecutor — one James D. St. Clair — who won the case, but, as Silverglade puts it, "that was just the first skirmish in what turned out to be a longer war." Massachusetts now has one of the most lenient marijuana laws in the country, with first offense possession drawing a maximum of six months' probation.

Silverglade is now expecting a decision any day from the First Court of Appeals on a federal cocaine case. He is challenging the sentencing of a client who received a long prison term, despite a previously clean record, for the sale of a small amount of cocaine because the judge refused to listen to the kind of arguments that Lowenstein is making.

Gerry Lefcourt, Abbie Hoffman's lawyer, was planning a similar attack before his client skipped out in late February. The issues are the same, the only difference being that Hoffman was busted under the New York state law. Lefcourt, who's familiar with the New Jersey case, says the experts there are "by and large the same" as those who had agreed to provide affidavits for Hoffman.

At any rate, Lowenstein, who teaches Constitutional law at Seton Hall Law School in Newark and who left private practice to become a public defender about a year ago, will probably be the first to get the chance to present his case in court. His only comment now is a succinct "We're hopeful."



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# Distribution Key to World Food Crisis

By Alan Miller

(The author teaches in the College of Natural Resources at the University of California, Berkeley.)

This year, 20 million people worldwide will starve to death, according to United Nations statistics. More than one-third of all people alive today suffer chronic malnutrition. Even with reductions in infant mortality, 650 million of the one billion children in the hungry nations of the world today will never reach adulthood. In the words of a leading nutrition expert, "To all these children, life is nothing more than a vigil of death."

Seventeen countries in Africa's Sahel area, south of the vast Sahara desert, are devastated by a severe drought and consequent famine. A British Development Minister estimates five million people in the Sahel face starvation; UN Secretary General Waldheim says that twice that number will die. Chronic food shortages in India, Bangladesh, Indonesia, and scores of other countries are causing political and social unrest. Recently, the governments of Niger and Ethiopia fell, with the drought a factor in both countries.

West German Foreign Minister Scheel told the United Nations, "Things cannot go on like this. No one with a clear head and a feeling heart should still be able to sleep calmly... we are stumbling in the dark."

But tragic as it is, famine is only the spotlight on the stage of the world's food problem. Of more basic concern to the two billion "have nots" is chronic hunger and starvation, and a continuing competition for food supplies to be bought with limited resources from richer nations.



The Effects of Malnutrition

provides 85 percent of the protein intake of most of the world's people, has increased 73 percent during this period, while population rose only 49.5 percent. New hybrid "miracle" grains and increased production from the "Green Revolution" have added much to the total world granary, though limits on fertilizer and technology available to producer nations often kept outputs disappointing.

But increased demand, both from the growing population and the appetites of the wealthy world's livestock, has wiped out these gains. The billion people in the developed nations use as much cereal grain to feed their livestock as the two billion in the low income nations use directly as food. The food that today feeds 210 million Americans would feed 1.5 billion at the consumption level of China.

A typical American consumes 2200 pounds of grain each year, primarily in the form of beef and other meat products; the average Asian eats less than 400 pounds. The pattern is the same with other foods. One-third of the world's population in the developed countries consumes two-thirds of the world's food supplies — including 80 percent of the milk, meat, and eggs, and 75 percent of all protein. The Netherlands in 1970 imported more milk solids to feed its veal than was imported by all the underdeveloped nations put together.

Although the output of the world's fisheries has trebled since 1950, half of the marine harvest is now used as fish meal to feed hogs, cattle, and poultry in the developed nations.

A report prepared for the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD) predicted that the "largest and poorest" developing countries would suffer most from inflation, and a "serious deterioration in levels of food consumption" could result.

On the other hand, the richer nations who dominate the world market system's pricing and distribution patterns fare quite well. Another recent UN study, by the Secretary General, surveyed 64 basic commodities of world trade. "On the whole," it concluded, "the prices of commodities that are exported mainly by the developing countries apparently rose less than those of primary commodities [exported by] developed countries. This is especially striking in the case of foodstuffs."

Both long-range starvation and acute famine are less the result of inadequate food supplies than of maldistribution of the globe's agricultural resources. In blunt terms, food is available to those who have the means to buy it. Income, particularly in the present world inflationary spiral, determines who shall live and who shall die. (Copyright, Pacific News Service, 1974)

The reality of increasing global hunger appears to be contradicted by progress in world food production over the last 25 years. Cereal output, which

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# Behind Closed Doors: Urban Jeopardy

By Peter S. Sroka

WASHINGTON — Behind closed doors on Capitol Hill, a small group of Congressmen is in the midst of some heavy horse trading over the fate of the nation's sorely needed housing, model cities and urban renewal programs. The outcome of their back room bargaining very well may be the effective death of the many urban recovery programs that were conceived by the Johnson Administration during the mid-'60s partly in response to the urban riots.

Working in secret, Senate and House conferees are attempting to effect a compromise from the vast differences in the two versions of a housing and urban development program which were passed by each chamber earlier this year. Because the meetings are closed to both the public and the press, few know what deals are being struck in the name of a compromise that would send to the White House a bill which meets Nixon's approval.

The Nixon Administration's chief taskmaster on the House side of the conference committee, Democratic Rep. Thomas L. Ashley of Ohio, the housing expert in the lower chamber, appears to have a firm grip on the votes of the overwhelming majority of House conferees. The Nixon-Ashley axis is determined to resist efforts by a few liberal House conferees and by most of the Senators on the committee to substitute the more comprehensive and better funded Senate provisions of the program for the catastrophic House versions, which were originated at the White House and at the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

The Senate version of what a viable Housing and Urban Development program in 1974 should look like would provide \$10 billion over the next two years to continue low-income leased housing assistance programs, mortgage interest assistance programs; to resume the construction of desperately needed public housing facilities; to continue funding of model cities programs and urban renewal projects; and to undertake an ambitious program of housing modernization.

Under the terms of the House version, construction of public housing would be ended in favor of a new leasing program that is designed to fatten the rolls of developers at the expense of the poorest persons in the society, leased housing assistance programs would be ended, and Model Cities administrations as well as urban renewal programs would be reduced in their operations to the point where they would become totally ineffective — at a time when they are in the greatest need to be strengthened.

Adoption of the House version of the bill, or of its approximate features, would mean disaster for the 13 Massachusetts cities which have ongoing federal housing and community development programs.

Boston's level of community development activities, for example, would be reduced from the \$23.6 million it would receive in fiscal 1975 to a low point of \$11.8 million by 1980. But these figures do not reveal the dimension of disaster the City would suffer if the House version prevails. By 1976 the sharp scaling down of community develop-

ment activities would begin to be felt in sufficient severity to have reduced the program to a mere shell. And the dynamic Model Cities program, which has been operating at a lower level of funding for the past two years due to Nixon impoundments or bureaucratic red tape, would likely be phased out at about that time.

In a letter to the Bay State Congressional delegation, Paul Parks, administrator of Boston's Model City program, says: "... we have worked closely with the Mayor in the City's development of new health services delivery strategies, new housing development efforts, and new city management styles, but our work is far from completed. It must be continued under community development revenue sharing."

Reductions in the level of community development activity in the remaining affected Massachusetts cities would be as follows: Springfield, from \$9 million to \$2.5 million; Worcester, from \$6 million to \$2 million; Cambridge, from \$4 million to \$1 million; Lynn, from \$3 million to \$1 million; Malden, from \$4.5 million to a trifling \$700,000; Fall River, from \$5 million to \$1.6 million; Haverhill, from \$2 million to \$600,000; Pittsfield, from \$1 million to \$666,000; Holyoke, from \$3 million to \$833,000.

But hardest hit of all would be New Bedford, the fourth largest city in the state, and the city which has undertaken a massive (and unquestionably the most ambitious) urban reconstruction program of the 13 in question. Incredibly, New Bedford would be cut from \$10 million next year

to \$1 million by 1980, the Model Cities program having ended in 1976. With its downtown core literally leveled by bulldozers and facing stiff economic competition from a highly successful nearby suburban shopping mall, with massive road construction projects restructuring the city's core, and with sensitive negotiations taking place between the Redevelopment Authority and prospective developers, the Whaling City would be devastated by the House version.

Despite the secrecy involved in the conference committee's game of urban jeopardy, some indications of the direction in which it is headed are beginning to emerge from behind the tightly sealed doors. It appears that Senate conferees may prevail in upping the community development authorization by some \$200 million over what Nixon and Ashley would like. But even this would leave the final bill far short of the more realistic Senate version.

Community development supporters hope — but cannot guarantee — that this \$200 million can be poured into existing model city and urban renewal programs to keep them operating at approximately sufficient levels. But it remains unclear whether the housing programs in the Senate version will survive efforts by the Nixon-Ashley Axis to replace them with the obnoxious leasing concept already pointed out.

As might be expected, the two Massachusetts members of the conference are winning praise from urban lobbyists for being in the forefront of efforts to beat

back attempts by the Administration to rape the Senate version. Senator Edward W. Brooke and Rep. Margaret M. Heckler, both Republicans, are further widening the distance between themselves and the White House as a result of their efforts to produce a decent bill.

Some reports have Brooke fighting tooth and nail for the Senate provisions. Other reports place him in the more reserved role of friend and sometimes vocal advocate of the nation's urban poor. Allied with Brooke are Sens. Alan Cranston of California and Harrison Williams of New Jersey. (California is the nation's most urbanized state, New Jersey ranks second, and Massachusetts fifth.)

On Rep. Heckler there is great pressure. The largest city in her 11th Congressional District is Fall River, which just knocked down a large chunk of its decaying inner core and which also stands to lose substantially from the House version. A member of Ashley's subcommittee on Housing, Rep. Heckler has walked a tightrope in attempting to protect Fall River and simultaneously to keep on the good side of the chairman and her Republican colleagues.

But in the final analysis, even if the features of the Senate bill supplant those of the House version point for point, there remains the certain prospect of a Nixon veto that the Congress knows it can not override. In that event, the nation's non-housing program of the past two-plus years will continue in effect entirely to the detriment of the cities, and specifically to minorities, the white poor, the handicapped, and the elderly.

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## Printed Matters

Dick Cavett's Cavils:  
Conversational Caviar

By R.D. Rosen



Cavett as Charley's Aunt in 1959

**CAVETT** by Dick Cavett and Christopher Porterfield. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, \$8.95, 373 pages.

My father is among those who believe that in this world some people have the right (legitimized by a modicum of talent) to be aggressive — to employ harmless subterfuges to get to the head of long ticket lines, to be seated at crowded restaurants, to drive with a confidence bordering on abandon so that it takes significantly less time to get from one place to another. The real presumption is that whatever minor inconvenience is suffered as a consequence of such actions will be more than compensated for by the lesson offered to the less ambitious. It does not occur with any regularity to these aggressive types like my father (and certain of his children) that others don't share this ambition or presumption, and are perfectly content to remain where they are. The lesson is lost on them. They are merely annoyed, not enlightened.

At the same time that my father cannot figure out why more people are not like him, he knows damn well that, if they were, enormous scuffles, perhaps even riots, would develop at the doors to restaurants, movies, and ballparks. Owing to the prevalence of moral and civic obedience, they do not. Yet, if it hadn't been for my father, I never would have gotten in to see the Chicago Bear-Chicago Cardinal football game in 1959 at Soldier's Field, when we were short one ticket. And in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, in 1971, there were officially no more seats at the local cinema showing *Tropic of Cancer*, but my entire family was soon seated together before the credits were over on the screen.

Dick Cavett comes from the same stock. When he was at Yale, he threw a topcoat over his shoulders, carried a copy of *Variety* under his arm, and walked backstage at the Shubert where he watched, unmolested and at close range, *My Fair Lady*. Christopher Porterfield, his old Yale roommate, quotes Cavett in *Cavett* as saying "I have a talent for taking advantage of situations."

This Cavett, cute and cunning, has always seemed in many respects part of the family. (Johnny Carson, on the other hand, could not quite be imagined as a member of the inner circle.) Cavett is every liberal

mother's favorite son, and this book, which combines conversations between Porterfield and him with Porterfield's own biographical handiwork, succeeds in confirming all one's best impressions of him while casting doubt on the worst. I have often expressed my fatigue with Cavett's nervous defenses against sincerity. But Cavett fields this criticism and many others quite well in the pages of this book, coming off like the cleanest kid out of Yale since Frankie Merriwell. He has unkind words for many people, but I think the only person who could be seriously offended is Al Capp. Cavett projects, above all, fairness.

At this point, I have to ask myself why some people's biographies and autobiographies are enjoyable and not others; why one person can risk the arrogance of publicizing his or her life whereas for another to do so involves a presumption as unforgivable as Nixon's use of prime time to air his latest mendacity. For example, was Peter Prescott's annotated diary from his Harvard freshman year worth the Coward, McCann & Geoghegan paper it was printed on? But Cavett and Porterfield's book, though premature when one considers Cavett's age, is an immensely rewarding gift. Certainly, one obvious reason is that Cavett has been so visible and controversial a figure in the past five years in a medium that magnifies and reproduces *personae* so dramatically; under such circumstances, the eclipsed personal life becomes a matter of heightened public curiosity. This is not as true for other media (can you imagine a fan magazine for authors containing features like a photo spread on Thomas Pynchon and his latest lady-in-tow or a splash entitled "Why Elizabeth Hardwick Will Never Forgive Robert Lowell"?)

But what it comes down to is merely my subjective conviction that Cavett possesses some intriguing characteristics that endow him with the status of one-whose biography is worth reading. First among these is the boyish ingenuity through which Cavett arranged the acquaintance of many famous people, often accosting them on the street. And now that he's made it, Cavett has preserved a sense of surprise and incredulity about his position, as if he cannot even allow himself the pretense of being jaded. This is charming in a

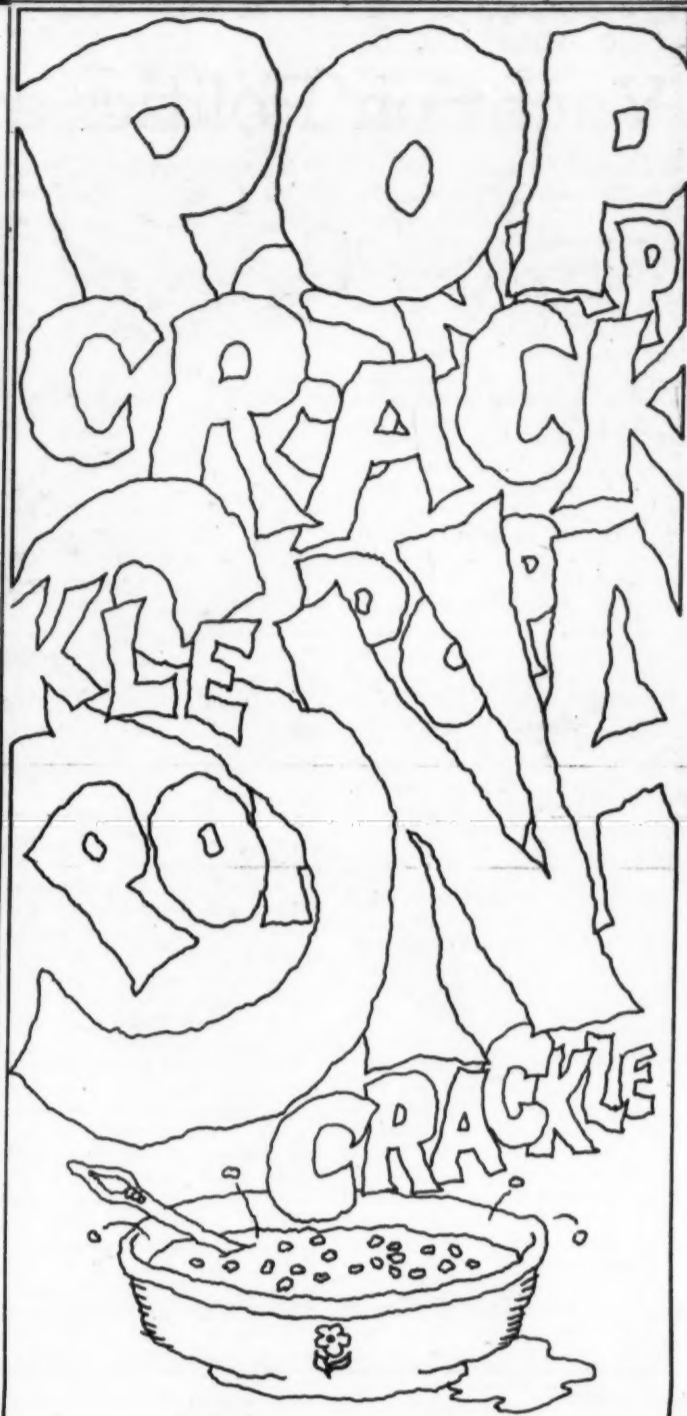
public figure. What further distinguishes this son of Nebraskan schoolteachers is the way that he has wedded a Yale education and cerebral cast to a profession (and medium) in which insipidity is highly profitable. He has managed to stay intellectually afloat in a sea of stupidity. One couldn't go so far as to say that Cavett is a brain among dolts (after all, he has dutifully cultivated certain philistinisms of his own, partly to appease his bosses), but when he appeared regularly, he did bring to television a kind of dignity.

Cavett's bad habit, but one that also makes him interesting, is the compulsive humor and self-consciousness often used to short-circuit serious discussion with guests. His frequent, inopportune cute remarks are no less interruptions than the station breaks. But he does have self-irony. Every time that he is in danger of sounding sanctimonious in the book's conversations, he immediately slaps his own wrist. What's more, Cavett finally has a chance in these pages to discourse on his image of "coldness."

As a result of his rapport with Porterfield, Cavett seems to relax, and the book shows us that his life is indeed richer and more introspective than one imagined. Brando says to Dick that Dick doesn't seem to have anything "chasing him." Cavett may not have exorcised all his demons, but at least he appears to be on good terms with them.

There is an affluence of good things here, including Groucho's letters to Dick and a meditation on the importance of timing in humor. The Porterfield-Cavett conversations are themselves so well-timed and funny at points that I'm convinced the transcribed tapes were touched up. For instance, after complaining about those who solemnly have to analyze all things, Cavett quips: "Where did we get this obsession that exegesis saves?" Now, there's no chance he pulled that pun out of thin air.

But if the spontaneity of the interview portions is suspect, its charms are not. I do confess to being mildly ashamed at the pleasure taken in reading a book destined for popular success. But like his mentor and friend Groucho, Cavett restores some faith in the virtues of personality; and he proves once again that relatively holy men, even if partly by accident, sometimes rise to the top of a relatively unholy profession.



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## The Sporting Eye

# Yachting Politics and Gagged Aussies

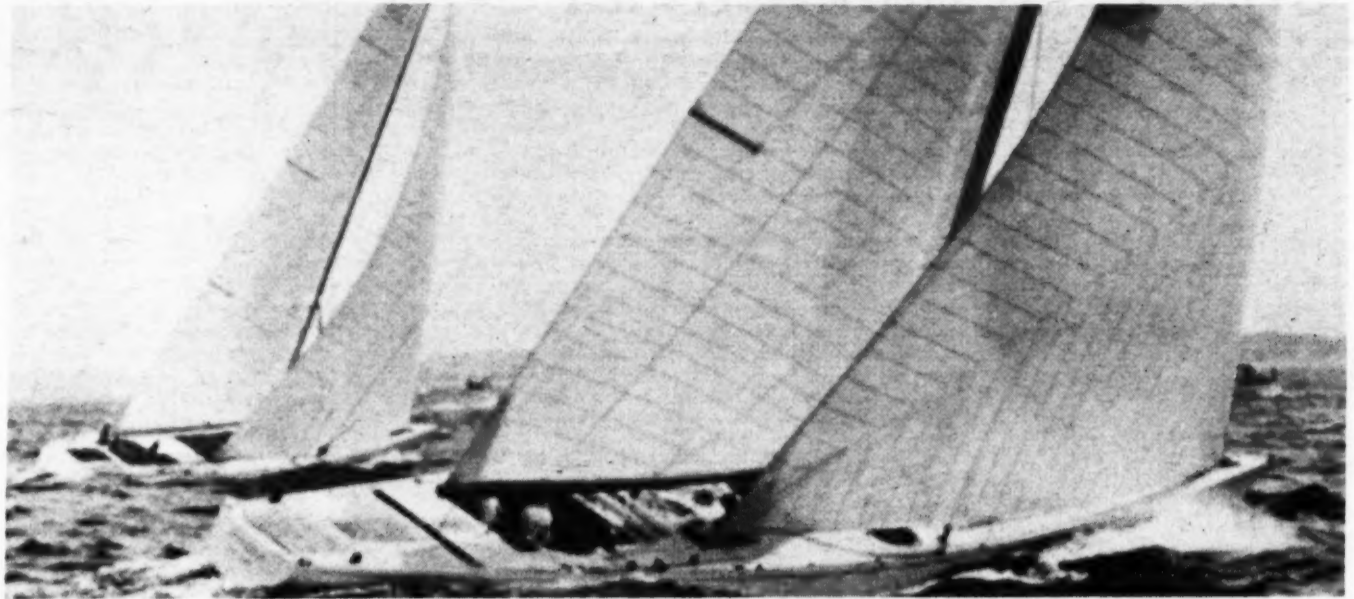
By George Kimball

NEWPORT, R.I. — While the New York Yacht Club's original "Deed of Gift" designated the America's Cup as the object of "friendly competition between foreign countries," and while the chips don't actually go on the table for real until September 10, after four years of preparation and half a summer of trials it has become abundantly clear that whoever the challenging and defending boats turn out to be, this is hardly going to be a friendly little game. Rather, it is certain to be a cutthroat affair, played, if you will, at table stakes.

Particularly in the case of the challengers from abroad, *Southern Cross* and *France*, the day of the gentlemen yachtsman may be going by the board; the host New York Club, on the other hand, maintains that facade, but in light of the financial outlay involved in mounting a Cup entry and the potential rewards (Emil "Bus" Mosbacher, for example, skippered two successful defenses, and wound up as Chief of Protocol for then-President Nixon) one is forced to conclude that there are, clearly, ulterior motives which extend far beyond the sphere of "friendly competition."

The Australian challenger, Alan Bond, has at the very least been forthright in conceding that he considers his \$6 million investment precisely that. Bond is a land developer whose most recent project is something called "Yanchep Sun City" just north of Perth, and he has already reaped reams of invaluable — and free — publicity for his \$200 million development by the mere fact of his challenge — though, obviously, nothing close to what he would, should his boat emerge victorious.

"Anyone who considers that racing for the Cup isn't a business proposition is a bloody fool. There can be no other justification for spending six million dollars on the Australian challenge unless the return is go-



Valiant and Intrepid in 1970

ing to involve more than just an ornate silver pitcher.

"A great deal of nonsense is spoken and written about the America's Cup being a purely sporting contest," says "Bondy." "The Americans certainly aren't sporting about it. They have always defended the Cup with big company money."

There is more than a measure of truth to what Bond says. The race has always been more or less rigged to favor the defending club — and no other American Yacht Club, according to the rules, could even consider submitting a challenge until the New York Yacht Club lost the trophy. That, of course, has not happened in 123 years, and it does stand to reason that members of a club made up of Vanderbilts, Astors, Morgans and Whitneys just might have some association with "big company money."

Bond, a self-made millionaire (he once worked as a \$6-a-week sign painter) hardly inspires recollections of the days of Sir Thomas Lipton and the Earl of Dunraven, challengers of the old

school — although Dunraven himself was once expelled from his honorary membership in the NYYC after too vociferously protesting the defender's tactics during a Cup race — and the story goes that Bondy's decision to build a challenger was directly inspired by an incident in 1970. It seems that in the days preceding the Newport to Bermuda race, Bond was having a look at *Valiant* (currently seeing service as a trial horse for the American contenders for this year's Cup) in the Newport Shipyard when one of the boat's owners kicked him off the vessel and out of the Newport Shipyard.

Aussies tend to be very touchy about these things. Especially in yachting circles (even though, should *Southern Cross* take the measure of *France* as expected, it will mark the fourth time in the last five Cup matches that the challenger has been a boat from Down Under) they are generally regarded as a bunch of heathens freshly shorn of their leg irons who sit around guzzling Foster's beer and singing bawdy

songs. (Bond and his cohorts have done little to dispel the image in Newport this summer, although in this case the Foster's was replaced by several thousand cases of "Courage," another aptly-named Australian beer. When the Aussie crew members venture out into the bars around the Newport waterfront at night they are generally given a very wide berth.)

In any case, it is reported that upon his eviction from *Valiant* Bond said something about coming back with a challenger, winning the Cup, whereupon he would "drive a bulldozer over the damned thing right on 44th Street and be done with America's Cup foolishness." Presumably he has mellowed somewhat in the interval, and at this point the Australians are taking great pains to avoid similar gaffes. A Gag Rule has been imposed on the entire crew; none of the members is allowed to communicate with the press or to discuss sailing — sailing on *Southern Cross* in particular. (The rule, of course, proved only semi-enforceable, one quickly learned; even Bond must realize the sheer impracticality of trying to gag an Australian sailor with 20 beers under his belt in the middle of a crowded bar.) In theory, all communication from the Australian side had to come through the team mouthpiece. Since the press contact, Robert Hemery, was not in town, the official spokesman was supposed to be a guy named Brian Leary. It took me two days to reach Leary, only to discover that the official spokesman was not interested in speaking. He finally told me in a gruff voice that he "might" be able to talk to me on Monday. Then he hung up. "Fuckin' convict," I muttered.

\*\*\*

*France*, on the other hand, had only gone into the water on Thursday, and was due to be fitted with a mast on Friday afternoon. (If this seems a bit late to be getting into the swing of things, consider that on the same day *Mariner*, the third American challenger, was in, of all places, Mamaroneck, New York, having her bottom sanded and painted.)

This is the same *France* that didn't get past the eliminations in 1970, again the entry of the *Cercle de la Voile de Paris* and owned by Baron Marcel Bich (as in "Bic"). (It surely is a telling commentary on the current state of French aristocracy that a man can construct an America's Cup challenger and purchase his title of nobility with the profits from selling 19 cent ball-point pens.)

The Cup was originally supposed to have been contested last summer, with the runoff for the challenger coming under the aegis of the Royal Thames Yacht Club of London, and was post-

poned when a rules change allowing the entry of aluminum boats dictated a delay to allow for their construction. (The RTYC was subsequently forced by financial considerations to withdraw, but by virtue of getting in the first challenge, it still got saddled with the responsibility of conducting the trials.) Ironically, it had been Bich who initially began construction of an aluminum boat, which he had planned to stock with an all-Scandinavian crew under the command of Dane Paul Elvstrom, probably the world's premier sailor. Despite his reputation for excellence, Elvstrom is temperamental and erratic, and refused to bow to repeated demands that he include at least some Frenchmen on the crew — no minor point in a nationalistic country which was, after all, semi-subsidizing *France* by writing off the Baron's venture as a tax deduction.

Ultimately, following an incident in which Elvstrom snapped a \$125,000 mast which then fell overboard into the North Sea, Bich replaced him with Jean-Marie Le Guillou and a French crew. (It may or may not be significant that Elvstrom had the last laugh. *France* promptly sank while being towed back from Denmark, and the Baron had to spring to have her raised.) About the same time, charging a breach of contract following a delay in beginning work on the new boat, he also canceled his order for the aluminum craft. The upshot of the whole thing is that should the old-timer, *Intrepid*, the winner in '67 and '70, take the measure of the two aluminum-hulled American boats (not at all an impossibility; six months ago her chances against *Courageous* and *Mariner* would have been rated slim to none, but right now no one would be truly surprised to see *Intrepid* emerge the defender for an unprecedented third time) and should *France* defeat *Southern Cross* — a prospect infinitely less likely at this point, but you never know — the whole flap and delay over the vices, virtues, and propriety of aluminum could culminate in an America's Cup between two wooden-hulled boats — both of which were already in Newport four years ago when the whole mess started.

Meanwhile, the summer-long trials continue to provide a wind-fall for local businesses. According to my friend Dan, who runs a local pub, it's been a good year for the saloons. "At least these people will drink. Those other guys hung around all last summer, and they were incredible tight-asses."

Last summer? Who, pray tell, was racing down here all last summer?

"The Great Gatsby. It sunk."

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# Lobsters Hang On, But Ray's in the Red

By Mike Lupica

Over at Walter Brown Arena last week — it of the blinking court lights, puddly floor, disappearing coach and live lobster with the Dunlop racket — the Boston Lobsters began what is known to other sports teams as the Playoff Push. It's time for the (first-ever) traditional WTT dog days of August, when if you can walk you can volley and there's no tomorrow besides. It's that time of the team tennis year when the men are separated from the boys, the women from the girls and, in the case of the Lobsters, the coach from his team.

To remain in playoff contention, the Lobsters had to be temporarily enslaved by some Freedoms, make some Strings come unstrung and tear down some Nets. They played in front of Joan Kennedy and WLYN radio, had Kerry Melville throw a racket and Roger Taylor grow a beard, and helped stage World Team Tennis's very first pennant-clinching, champagne-drinking party — one Sunday night when B.J. King's Philadelphia Freedoms beat the Lobsters to clinch the WTT Atlantic Division title. They once again said goodbye in Rumanian to coach Ion Tiriac, who was off to play some more Davis Cup, this time against Italy in Venice. Oh, and one other thing: they got sold.

"I expect to have the team sold by the end of the week," Lobster owner Ray Ciccolo said Thursday night as his team prepared to face the Cleveland Nets, who are currently leading the Lobsters in the race for WTT's last playoff spot. "There are three parties interested, and right now I'm leaning towards the one that keeps me in the picture."

So while Ciccolo's young team was recovering nicely, with some wins after a recent disastrous road trip — San Francisco to Los Angeles to Hawaii to Houston to Baltimore — when they won only one match, Ciccolo was looking to unload all or part of the franchise he purchased with such bright eyes and high hopes just about a year ago. His hustling young women's doubles team of Janet Newberry and Trish Bostrom was six-one-ing the world and leading their team to important victories over the Strings of Los Angeles and the Nets, and Ciccolo was out hustling, too, looking for a financial doubles partner to help him in another kind of match — one in which he's down \$300,000.

The Ciccolo Caper is a sad one, particularly in the era of the tax-conscious, callous sports owner, which he certainly is not. It doesn't seem ...e very long ago that he was running around introducing himself and his league to anyone who would listen at last year's Volvo International tournament at Bretton Woods (Ciccolo owns two Boston Volvo dealerships), telling funny stories about walking around a hotel lobby in Chicago during the first WTT league meeting "with \$50,000 in my pocket for the team, and no one to give it to." Ray Ciccolo was, then, going to have his very own professional team to play with.

"The expenses just ran higher than we thought," says Ciccolo, one of this town's straightest shooters. "Salaries had a way of escalating, and league assessments were higher than we expected."

"But the big thing that killed us was advertising and promotions. I just didn't have any idea how much those things were going to cost us."

He had hoped to average 2500 in attendance; he is averaging 2300. Then there were all the normal costs: payroll, the army of necessary employees ("with ballboys and ushers and those guys, I'm paying over 100 people"), giveaways, road expenses. A 35-year old

businessman accustomed to making money was suddenly losing a lot of it, in a hurry. And becoming a little disillusioned with the sport into which he'd bought. Chase these Ciccolo lobs:

"With the exception of basketball players, maybe, tennis players are the most overpaid people going."

On ATP, the players' union: "We're employing players and they're opposed to us. How can they possibly be against an organization that's going to hire people from their union?"

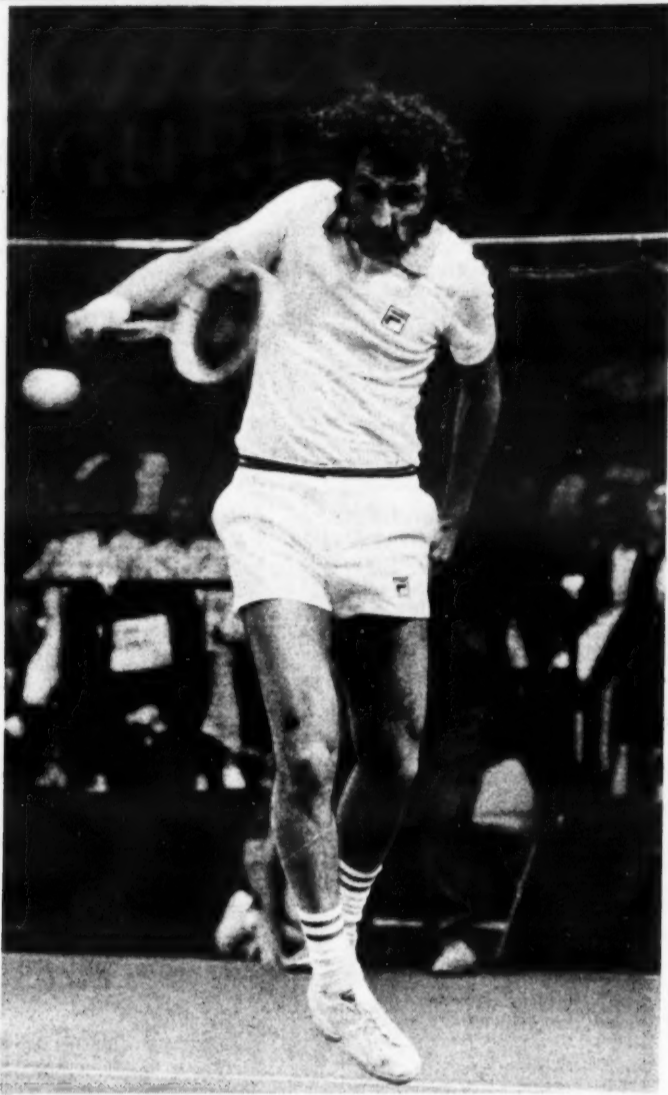
"If I had my druthers, there'd be no part-time players in this

Strings, a team of no-names distinguished only by the best women's outfits in the league: orange with halter tops. They also have the league's prettiest woman, Marita Redondo, who promptly started the night off getting trounced 6-3 by the steadiest Lobster of them all, Kerry Melville. When things got sticky a little later on, Newberry and Bostrom, playing like reincarnations of Helen Wills Moody and Suzanne Lenglen, trounced Karen Susman and Kathy Hartley 6-1.

Finally, on Thursday night, before another 3000-plus crowd, the Lobsters beat Cleveland in



Kerry Melville and Ion Tiriac Show Their Stuff



league. I think part-time players like Jimmy Connors have murdered us."

"I say to any of the WTT players bad-mouthing the league: get out. We're in a fight for survival and we don't need any malcontents from within."

"The owners have made more mistakes than anybody. The encouraging thing is that we've corrected most of them."

"I've said all along that we can survive without the big names, and we can. Who are my two most popular players? Trish Bostrom and Raz Reid, that's who."

Ciccolo, while bemoaning his losses, still classifies his team as one of the league's four best franchises, the others being Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Minnesota. He also still thinks the league will make it.

"Talk to the people," he all but exclaims. "They love it. And the key thing is that the women love it. They're the ones playing it, and they don't mind dragging the old man here, too."

It is ironic that Ciccolo is selling the team during the one week in Boston when team tennis perhaps showed all that it could, or should, ever be. On Sunday night, Billie Jean and her first-place Freedoms attracted their second sellout crowd to Brown Arena, and this time BJ could have been wearing Tiriac's black cape, 'cause she brought out a whole mess of bad. Tiriac came out before the match with a live lobster holding on to one of his rackets and presented her with it, and he must have reminded her of Bobby Riggs because she played and coached like a madwoman all night long. She eventually served in to the Atlantic Division championship, playing doubles with Julie Anthony in the final match of the night (the format was changed so that Tiriac could play mixed doubles before departing on a 10:30 flight to Venice), and was rewarded with a glass of champagne from Philly owner Dick Butera, on hand for his first pennant.

On Tuesday, the Lobsters drew 3116 for a match with the

best match of the season, 25-22, after being tied with the Nets going into the final set of mixed doubles, which Reid and Bostrom zipped through 6-3. The night had everything: Cliff Richey shook a fist at acting Lobster coach Taylor, and Roger (who once decked Bob Hewitt with one punch) shook his right back; Nancy Gunter, no one's

idea of Miss American Pie, served a ball at Bostrom, with Trish at the net; Clark Graebner, the intense Cleveland coach, raged that the net was too high, after Gunter had double-faulted at 6-all, 4-4 in a first set tiebreaker with Melville; and there was another Bostrom-Newberry 6-1 spectacular. The crowd was loud and loony all night long, and the

Lobsters won a match they had to win.

So WTT — apparently the little league that can — moves towards the conclusion of its maiden season. Each time someone starts to bury the whole deal, there is a week like this one.

Ray Ciccolo only wishes there had been a few more.

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# McNeeley

Continued from page 5

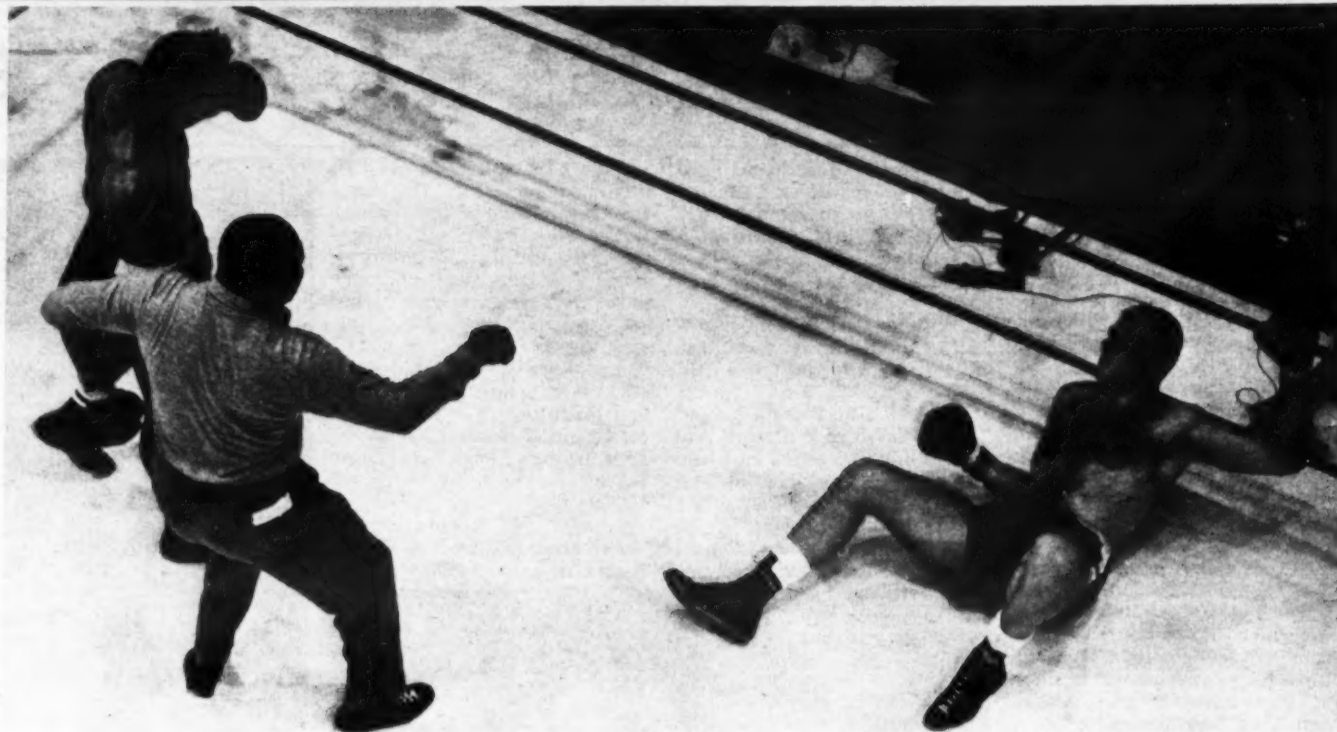
Olds, would not comment on the credit card incident. "And my 'no comment' is not to be interpreted in any way," he added. "I'm saying I don't know anything."

Public Safety Comr. John F. Kehoe learned recently of the incident, conducted his own investigation, and forwarded a report to Gov. Sargent along with a recommendation that McNeeley be asked to resign.

The governor concurred and on July 24 Kehoe officially requested McNeeley to leave the boxing commission. McNeeley has not yet responded, and he has still not admitted to any wrongdoing. "My only crime," he said in the recent *Phoenix* interview, "was associating with the wrong people."

At first, McNeeley claimed the card was produced by a casual associate, whom he knew only on a first-name basis. Later, though, he changed his story, saying he knew the person well, but was "protecting" him. He admitted the card was found in the police cruiser, but intimated that his unnamed associate had somehow dropped it there. "It didn't fly in there," McNeeley said.

He claimed his associate signed for the tab and then went to



McNeeley Downed by Floyd Patterson in 1961

the bathroom, leaving the credit card on the table. McNeeley says he picked it up and later gave it back. But the club owner remembers it differently (and, according to his lawyer's new version, so does McNeeley). "He [McNeeley] signed," said Katsiyannis. "It was his tab. He was

holding the card. He was responsible for it."

McNeeley, 37, was appointed as a boxing commissioner in April, 1967 by Gov. John Volpe and has been reappointed twice by Sargent. His current term expires in November, 1975. The other two commissioners are

Emanuel Aronis, the chairman, and Richard Gallagher, who was appointed to the board this year. The job pays \$4300 a year, and McNeeley says he'd do it for nothing. "I owe everything to boxing," he said.

In a July, 1961 *New York Times* interview, McNeeley ex-

plained why he wanted to be the heavyweight champion so badly.

"I'm hungry and I want some money," he said. "I have a taste of the good life and I want it . . . I've driven around with Pete in his new Caddy, visited nice homes and gone to plays. I've lived it and I'm hungry for it."

There is, meanwhile, still an unpaid dinner bill in Detroit — for \$77.30, including a \$20 tip. "I never did get the money," grumbled the owner of the Oak Barrel Supper Club.

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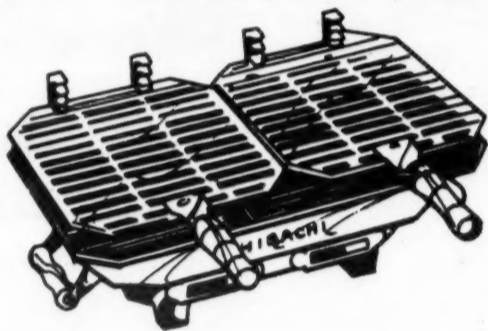
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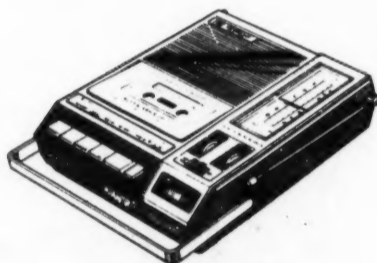
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# B.A.D.

The Arts &  
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Section

## The Rising Market of Comic Art

By Mike Baron

Compared to last year's Con, this year's New York Comic Art Convention went down as smooth as the Ooze That Walked Like a Man. Last year's convention was thick with the angst of dozens of young fans who had scripts and art to show the editors in so-called "hospitality rooms" set up by the large publishers. But the rooms were hard to find, seldom open, and otherwise inhospitable. In the dealers' room, entrepreneurs were selling old *Uncle Scrooge* at a 49,990% profit over the dime cover price. (Scrooge would have liked that.) Both the teething fans looking for a kind word and the heavy mercantile aroma hanging over the whole shebang characterized the internal struggle of an industry that just wants to make money — despite the pressure of writers, artists, and fans who insist that comic books are as important as the movies. Or books even.

This year the publishers took no chances, however. They had no hospitality rooms open to the young hopefuls. The Comic Convention was smooth and soulful — a pleasant, quiet event in a very quiet New York. Whenever the local media became desperate, they staggered into the dusty comfort of the Commodore Hotel and photographed the inevitable early copy of *Action*, featuring Superman's first appearance, which sold for \$2500, just like a stamp whose time had come. The purpose of these news spots was to elicit a reaction something like, "Hey Marge! You won't believe this — some crackpot just spent \$2500 on a comic! Christ, I had that comic when I was a kid!" The media have to focus on the stamp-collecting aspect of comics; the notion of old comics' selling for fantastic prices is just so outlandish. People understand that sort of thing. Comics have become like good china or silver, one of those precious manufactured commodities that can only increase in value, now that high inflation has become a part of life and an insatiable desire to preserve our past artifacts, from stamps to plots of land, drives up the price of anything not likely to be repeated.

For nostalgia buffs on a budget, there were a number of new offerings at the Con, such as the East Coast Comics reprints of the old Educational Comics group, which make available the art of the past at today's modern prices. And on new paper.

The collecting business is the only side of the art that the Convention turns towards the outside world. The enthusiasts take the thing a bit more seriously, pretending that comics already have something to say. True, the medium has great potential, but the state of the art still sits on a spider's web stretched between Dracula's fangs and Iron Man's rechargeable energy pods.

A number of events intended, with varying success, to discuss and determine the state of the art. Typical of these was the Marvel panel that attempted to elucidate the more important questions facing comic creators. The questions included, "When's the Silver Surfer gonna return?" and "How many of you want to see Thunda become a permanent member of the Fantastic Four?" (This to boos and hisses.)

The most interesting panel was the one discussing "Women in Comics;" it included seven members, representing just about the total female force in the business. Marie Severin, the old pro who worked on Bill (Mad) Gaines's EC line as well as the critically successful *Kull* series, was predictably optimistic, maintaining that anyone with talent could bust into the field. Her optimism didn't



jibe with the endless reprints the major companies have been churning out in lieu of new material (which could in turn easily be provided by dozens of talented new-comers who would gladly work for free.)

Jean Thomas, wife of Marvel editor Roy Thomas, proved a hit with the crowd because she was the only panelist whose voice could be heard at the back of the cavernous hall. Jean, defending Marvel and its costumed coterie with the perky charm of Julie Nixon talking up the Prez, allowed as to how she hoped to see black, Chinese and Indian women in the comics, kicking out the teeth of super villains and rapists. Yet she admitted that Red Sonja was, "in many respects, a right-on woman, but in some ways, she's a little sick. I mean, what girl would run around in those little pants and that tight blouse?"

The panelists were otherwise vaguely encouraged about the state of the industry (or was it "art"?), but no one could account for the general lack of talented female artists in the field. In my opinion, the real reason there are no talented artists interested in women's comics is that there are no women's comics, unless one counts sword-swinging Red Sonja in her thigh-high leathers and chain mail.

At one point in the discussion an erudite observer mentioned this general lack of women's comics and the fact that the field was male-dominated. The observer explained that comics were created by and for men; that women simply had no interest in god-like behavior and spectacular feats. Not so, said Warren (*Vampirella*) assistant Flo Steinberg. "It's true what you say about male domination, but I would like to smash through walls, too!" (cheers and applause).

Had Flo smashed through a wall to gain access to the dealers' room, however, she would have noticed the preponderance of male faces. Not only was the overwhelming proportion of fans men, but an unusually high percentage of these were obese. There is apparently

something about comics that attracts the fat and the out-of-it. Short of a Tanks Anonymous gathering, one would be hard pressed to find a group with a higher median weight. One supposes that this has something to do with fat boys' not wanting to play baseball or their having few friends and in turn retreating into the world of comics, where anything is possible and fat slobs like the Hulk, the Thing, and Bouncing Boy battle evil with ease and style.

In contrast, most of the young professionals who entered the industry as fans a few years ago are in fantastic shape. Were they fat before they became interested in art? Did they slim down out of a growing respect for the human physique they must draw *ad infinitum*? In any event, if a group can make a case for the comics as a viable alternative to movies or books, it is these young fans turned pros who have revolutionized a stodgy industry, if only around the fringes.

Barry Smith, the young pioneering artist who originated Marvel's *Conan the Barbarian*, thereby precipitating a revolution in sword and sorcery material, was present with a table full of limited edition prints and posters. He was frankly flabbergasted at the popularity of his material (it sold out in two days). Like many professionals, Smith is unaware of the extent to which speculators have priced certain items out of the realm of comics.

Most fascinating about comics is that a really good one, where the artist is in control of his material and knocks himself out for every page, can be bought for a quarter. That's bringing fine art down to a popular level. But it also enables speculators to scarf up hundreds of likely issues and horde them for years, in the fully justified expectation that prices will skyrocket. Early issues of *Conan* are selling for seven dollars, and *Conan* is only four years old!

Only in the past five years or so has speculation become rampant. This is partly a result of the young pros' producing material worth collecting, and it's

partly a reaction to the increasing stiffness of other speculative markets, like those in silver and china. Now comics have attracted their own circle of legendary collectors, such as the man who flew in from Texas to buy three old comics for a total of \$1200. In this particular case the three titles, *Boy Explorers* no. 3, *All Wonder* no. 3 and *Stuntman* no. 3, had been rendered rare by a wartime paper shortage. These third issues were mailed flat to subscribers only; they never reached the newsstands and subsequently were never listed in the official comic book listings and price guides.

As a result of such speculation, certain young pros like Smith and Jeff Jones have turned to limited edition productions with the idea of making money from the professional collectors. Such an attitude does not sit well with the notion of comics as a mass medium printed on tissue paper and distributed like condoms in the slaves' quarters, but their present condition is part of their charm. Comics just wouldn't be comics if they were printed on heavy art stock and available at fancy bookstores only.

Unfortunately, the only way comics can remain comics, *i.e.* available at a quarter or less in print runs of several hundred thousand, is if the publishers continue to aim their stuff at kids and keep it bland, bland, bland. Simultaneously, the young writers and artists want to aim at an adult audience. Little by little, certain comics are attracting a more mature audience; there is a creeping movement towards creativity.

This movement was reflected at this year's Con in the film program and in the discussions of such artists as Vaughn Bode, whose work appears regularly in *National Lampoon*. The films, aside from the usual *Planet of the Apes*, contained a series of exciting Superman cartoons done by the protean animator, Max Fleischer, in the '40s. These rare cartoons feature technicolor and full animation, and are as good as anything Disney has produced. Also shown were Windsor McKay's delightful "Gertie the Dinosaur" and the famous Little Nemo episode, wherein McKay agrees to draw a 10,000-panel cartoon strip for his publishers in return for dinner. Artists today say rates aren't much better.

However, the future of the art does not lie in films or in talk, but in the books themselves. Sadly, there was not much to get excited about the Commodore. The excellent West Coast underground publisher Last Gasp unveiled a new ecology-minded *Slow Death* comic, and the brilliant Canadian illustrator George Metzger has another book, *Truckin'*.

One got the impression that if progress has been made, it is more on the side of technique than on content. Young artists had beautiful things to unveil; pictures of Tarzan, vistas of god-like creatures engaged in titanic struggle, scantily-clad young ladies. Everything was rendered to visual perfection. Yet the stories were stuck in a rut, Metzger's work being among the few exceptions.

Many of the best illustrators are still wedded to super-hero shoot-em-ups or banal retellings of Biblical epics. No decent scripts, no Christopher Isherwoods or Paddy Chayefskys in the field. However, the emphasis on newness is encouraging. This convention gave the impression of a hobby that is trying to become an art in spite of the friction of the men who make it all possible, the big-money publishers. But the question still is: if *Ada* had appeared as a comic, would anyone have taken it seriously?

# Film: Wincing Through Terminal Boredom

By Janet Maslin

**THE TERMINAL MAN.** Produced and Directed by Mike Hodges. Screenplay by Hodges, b/o a novel by Michael Crichton. With George Segal, Joan Hackett, Richard Dysart. At the Savoy.

Crichton doesn't write stories, he cooks up premises. *The Andromeda Strain* started out with a nice idea about bacteria (if such a thing is possible) but could arrive at no satisfying conclusion. *Westworld* was Gimmickworld in disguise. *The Terminal Man* is about a team of thrill-crazy scientists implanting 40 electrodes in a captive subject's brain, and it thus fits in with Crichton's unifying theme, that man ought not to tamper with nature. What else is new?

*The Terminal Man*, like all the other Crichton projects I know of, has no place to go. Can this operation work technologically transforming a brain-damaged killer into a docile, productive member of society? Of course it can't, unless the picture is to end very quickly or to recapitulate *Clockwork Orange*. No, all that can happen is some sort of backfiring, and the logical way (Crichton is nothing if not logical) for things to backfire is for the killer to become even more dangerous and break out of his doctors' control. Movies don't get much more predictable than *The Terminal Man*.

What is at all surprising here, aside from the viciousness with which Crichton caricatures most of the doctors, is the casting of George Segal in the title role. Although the film opens with some effective before-and-after

shots of Segal (the turning-point was an automobile accident, which left him subject to blackouts and fits of rage), for the most part he looks about as murderous as a water lily, even when he's hacking a young lovely to pieces in her boudoir. Director Mike Hodges (*Pulp*, *Get Carter*) manages to squeeze some interesting shots out of dull situations; as this one victim's blood mingles with the contents of her punctured waterbed, it courses through futuristic, dehumanized arteries formed by the between-tile gaps on her bedroom floor. However catchy such a shot might be in the abstract, though, it seems excessively arty when wedged into the mundane context of this film.

A word of warning for anyone still getting over the plastic surgery sequence in *Ash Wednesday*: bring along a magazine and head for the lavatory as soon as Segal's brain surgery begins. It takes up 15 minutes of screen time (there's enough padding here to put a Frederick's of Hollywood girdle to shame) and adds nothing to the rest of the picture. But then, how much is nothing plus nothing, anyway?

**THE INTERNECINE PROJECT.** Directed by Ken Hughes. Screenplay by Barry Levinson and Jonathan Lynn, b/o the novel by Mort W. Elkind. With James Coburn, Lee Grant, Harry Andrews. At the Sack Cinema 57.

I don't toss superlatives around lightly, but this is the worst new film I've seen so far this year, with a title to match. "Internecine" is a self-important



*Terminal Man* Segal gives in to homicidal urges on a waterbed.

way of describing a plot device whereby characters are manipulated into killing each other off; if one wanted to deem this a genre, the classic example would be Agatha Christie's superb *And Then There Were None* (also titled *Ten Little Indians*). And if one wanted to make cheap jokes, one might point out that director Ken Hughes richly deserves to be included in the plot machinations.

James Coburn, here at his weariest, is cast as an international diplomat and Harvard man in line for a position of great power with the President, if only he can kill off his team of "associates" (just what they do, when not in the process of being murdered, is unclear). Coburn is also quite the ladies' man, and apparently his personality and background are meant loosely to suggest Kissinger's; otherwise why would the film need to open

with a disclaimer of no resemblance to persons living or dead? Lee Grant wears tinted glasses and is a tough, dedicated journalist, which pegs her as either Gloria Steinem or Oriana Fallaci. In any case, she's not as tough as she seems, because she's soon drunk and sloppy and telling Coburn he's "beautiful." This is hardly the case, unfortunately; Coburn no longer looks just prematurely grey.

We never get much beyond their one fuzzy bedroom scene, though, because Coburn devotes almost all of the film to lolling about his wood-paneled study following the checklist of his murder plan (e.g. "Albert arrives at Christina's. Albert kills Christina") and waiting for his operatives to die. The picture is simplistic enough to require only about half an hour's TV time, but it does include one medium-nice moment, in which a team of

overzealous reporters start interviewing what turns out to be a corpse. If *The Internecine Project* set me to thinking about anything at all (aside from such obvious matters as how it got financed in the first place, and whether it really is ungainly for ordinarily demure critics to hoot at the screen), it was whether such a journalistic problem might ever occur in my presence. Or, for that matter, whether it already had.

—Janet Maslin

**PROMISED LANDS.** Directed by Susan Sontag. Produced by Nicole Stéphane. Cinematography by Jeri Sapanen. At the Central Square.

Susan Sontag, one of our most fearsome intellectuals and writers, has discovered Israel and come forth with a 90-minute *oi veh*. This is not meant to be snidely, either, for her footage captures so much of the region's relentless grief and apparently fatal dilemma that her film becomes one long wailing.

But to praise *Promised Lands* for the power of its content would be to confuse the matter of what filmmaking is about. Despite the strength of individual scenes, this movie is stupefyingly tedious. Ninety percent of it, it seems, was shot through telephoto lenses, so that even close-ups distance the viewer with the *anomie* one usually gets watching televised track meets. Furthermore, there is no form of narration — Sontag wanted to editorialize only by picture-choice, apparently, not verbally — but what we see wants better identification and

—Please turn to page 8

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# A Revival of Classic Marxism

By David Rosenbaum

The Marx Brothers' film career can be divided, like Gaul, into three parts. Part one is the Paramount period: *Coconuts*, *Animal Crackers*, *Monkey Business*, *Horse Feathers*, and *Duck Soup*. These films, especially the first two, are documents of the brothers' vaudeville style. These are the demonic films. The plots exist only to be demolished. Groucho is a thorough reprobate without a shred of human decency. Chico would con his own mother. Harpo is a libidinous kleptomaniac. These are the brothers I love.

Part two is the MGM heyday. In *Night at the Opera* and *Day at the Races*, the Marxes reached the pinnacle of stardom and its concomitant financial success. *Night at the Opera* was designed by Irving Thalberg to appeal to the widest audience possible. Thalberg told the Brothers: "The trouble with your funny scenes is that they never help anybody. If you had half the jokes, the picture would be twice as good and you'd gross three times as much." Thalberg was right about the gross, and the Marx Brothers changed. Groucho began to draw distinctions between good guys and bad guys. In the Paramount films he had insulted everybody; at MGM, Chico made Groucho his

one and only mark, and Harpo stopped chasing girls. *Night* and *Day* were beautifully filmed, artfully constructed, enormously funny, but somehow tame.

The final period is the Marx Brothers in decline. The musical comedy format devised by Thalberg grew stale. The brothers grew old. These are the forgettable films: *The Big Store*, *A Night in Casablanca*, *At the Circus*, and *Love Happy*.

But now *Animal Crackers* is back to show us the Brothers at the height of their powers. Why was it unavailable for close to twenty years? According to the Orson Welles's Larry Jackson, when Paramount sold the distribution rights to Universal films they neglected to reacquire the rights to the play which had reverted to George S. Kaufman's estate. For years, Universal and the Kaufman estate argued over money. Last spring, they got together — just in time, too.

The managers of both the Park Square and the Orson Welles report shrinking audiences for Marx Brothers films. They blame this ebbing attendance to a glut on the market. Of course, neither would consider cutting back on his bookings; the Marxes still pay the rent. But people were getting bored by the idea of

seeing *Duck Soup* for the nth time. *Animal Crackers* should begin a Marxian renaissance.

In *Animal Crackers*, the brothers are lean and hungry, unmellowed by Hollywood or success; they are fresh off the streets and it shows. Groucho, as Captain Spaulding, shows up at Mrs. Rittenhouse's posh party and sizes it up: "This is one of the frowziest joints I've ever seen. You let this place run down and what's the result? You're not getting the class of people you used to. Why, you've got people here who look like you." Then he gets down to what's closest to his heart — money. "Now I tell you what we'll do. We'll put a sign outside — Placed Under New Management. We'll set up a seventy-five cent meal that'll knock their eyes out. After we knock their eyes out, we can charge anything we want. I have the lease right here. . . ."

Chico's first line upon entering the film is, "How d'you do? Where's the dining room?" Later, in one of the plot's many curlicues, Lillian Roth asks Chico to do her a favor. "You want I should steal?" Chico asks. She responds, "No, it's not stealing." "Then," Chico says, "I couldn't do it."

Chico and Harpo are, among many other things, card sharps.



Groucho Hams it Up in *Animal Crackers*.

Chico invites Mrs. Rittenhouse and Mrs. Whitehead to play bridge asking, "How do you wanna play? Honest?" They win in a grand slam when Harpo produces thirteen aces.

In *Animal Crackers*, Groucho,

Chico, and Harpo successfully avoid the romantic leads who in other films trap them into acting contrary to their egotistic and mercenary characters. The Marx Brothers had nothing to do with romance. They were anti-romantic and uncivilized. *Animal Crackers* is raw, and it will remind people that such Marxism was neither cute nor nice.

The print of *Animal Crackers* is fairly good, considering that the film was shot in 1930. The soundtrack reflects the state of the art at that time; shooting was done on a wooden sound stage in Astoria, Long Island, and the actors clomp about like elephants in work shoes. What is unfortunate about the Sack Cheri screening is that the film is projected upon a wide screen without altering the projector's focal length. The result is that the top and bottom of each frame is lopped off. Larry Jackson, who is very familiar with *Animal Crackers* since he owns a copy, counted 33 sight gags lost off-screen.

The problem of wide-screen projection of standard screen films is, I have been told, easily solved. That Sack has not troubled to do so is a shame. For \$3.50, it's the least one could ask.

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**Tales in Black & White**

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# Music: Of the Benefit and Mr. Young

By Peter Herbst

Why do people persist in thinking that, because a kid plunks down a certain sum of money to hear a rock group play a benefit concert, he's going to be sympathetic to, or even interested in, the cause in question? Rock, at this time at least, has about as much to do with the charitable impulse as, say, boxing. In 1967, there perhaps existed a confluence of counter-cultural beliefs among musicians, audience and community that made benefit concerts meaningful. But rock has had a notoriously apolitical constituency throughout the '70s; even an eleemosynary venture like the Concert for Bangla Desh had the atmosphere of a stargazers' convention.

The Allman Brothers, fresh from a continental jaunt, decided to hold a two day benefit concert in Boston for the National American Indian Foundation, with Eagles as the opening act. Fine. The reported \$200,000 raised by the undertaking is probably more than the government of the United States is willing to dish out to native Americans. But somebody involved in this enterprise entertained the daft notion that the kids were as enamored of Indians as they were of Eagles: before the performance, a group of Indians from various tribes (whose leader addressed the crowd, with sad incomprehension, as brothers and sisters) attempted to sing an "Indian Blues" and was stonewalled by a thoroughly indifferent audience.

Later, after the Eagles' set and a lengthy intermission, the lights were dramatically turned down and out walked — not Gregg Allman — but Chief Dan George, whose lyrical performance had graced the film *Little Big Man*. Chief Dan George is a frail old man burning with intensity but in a frame that needed assistance getting to and from its seat. He tried to deliver a poetic speech about the Indians' exclusion from the national life of Canada (it was written originally for Canada's Centennial celebration) and was greeted with firecrackers, frisbees, boos, concerted and disconcerting clap-

ping and an awesome amount of just plain noise.

It was a terribly saddening thing to watch, this confrontation between a sweet, sincere and wrenchingly dispossessed old Indian and the insensate descendants of his conquerors. Appalled as I was by the kids though, the brunt of my anger was directed at those whose

more pizzazz than the latter, but they like to string together the same kind of Deadly jams; and in the end, Betts's handiwork smacks of craft rather than art and Leavell's deft runs feel slightly chilly. I've seen them four times and have been able to sit through their whole set only once. On this particular night there was less jamming than

Leadon's guitar wizardry (he's one of the leading exponents of the Clarence White mock-pedal-steel school of guitar playing), he still strikes me as a predictable studio musician. And Don Felder's stormy blues work (which enables the group to do all that new hard rock) is, for all its force, really just a heady collection of cliches. Eagles

them a disturbing note of defeat. The live album, *Time Fades Away*, and everything associated with it (Young's Boston Garden and Music Hall appearances, the material, its splaying, careless presentation) left me feeling that I had had about enough of Neil Young.

But *On The Beach* is a complete turnabout, surely Neil's best since *After The Gold Rush* and, in some ways, very much like it. Neil is again writing because he has to, because the free association, graveyard imagery and clever conceits are again pouring from him unchecked. "Walk On," "For The Turnstiles" and "Ambulance Blues" group together stanzas related by their mood, not by their literal content. "On The Beach," which makes precious little sense at all, is nevertheless, with its dark cloudiness and turgid, minor-key presentation, one of the album's most penetrating cuts.

The production is as harsh as was the live album's, though it is anything but careless. Neil's Wurlitzer piano and Ben Keith's keening steel guitar on "See The Sky About To Rain" create a perfectly foreboding musical setting. The spare banjo-dobro accompaniment on "For The Turnstiles," along with the raucous vocals by Neil and Ben Keith, itchy clothe the song's unsettling lyrics. And the jagged electric guitar, which runs throughout, cuts through our consciousness, as does Neil's imagery, because we haven't heard anything so wildly improbable in a long time.

*On The Beach*, with its gloomy, petulant feel, reminds me of the terrible film Neil presented here last year, whose title I've forgotten but whose appearance is still fresh in my mind. It seems to me that this album accomplishes what the film could not, with pretty much the same emotional and imagistic ingredients. Add this to *After The Gold Rush*, based on a movie that never rose from obscurity, and you have a pretty fair lesson: Neil Young is stimulated visually, but his most satisfying responses are musical.



Strumming Neil Young

naivete or sheer stupidity led them to believe that an audience of hopped-up youths waiting for one of America's premier rock bands would sit still for a man whose presence and message were outside their ken.

The next question is: why are the Allman Brothers one of America's premier rock bands? I never had the privilege of seeing this band when Duane Allman was alive, and I have no doubt that the excitement he generated on recordings was magnified in person. But the Allmans achieved massive popularity after Duane's death, partly, perhaps, as a result of it. They have an aura about them created by the spookily coincidental Allman-Oakley motorcycle deaths and by their persistence in the face of those crushing losses. They are, I suppose, a boogying *cause celebre*.

But how, despite the talents of guitarist Dickie Betts and pianist Chuck Leavell, they are boring, almost as boring (and in much the same way) as the Grateful Dead. They have a little

usual, but the band had been disheartened by the audience's response to Chief Dan George (Gregg Allman had even stepped onstage to plead for silence at one point in the speech) and their performance was consequently lackluster.

The Eagles' long opening set, well over an hour, had plenty of luster. Not having played in Boston for about two years, they reached back to their debut album for "Take It Easy," "Chug All Night" and "Witchy Woman" (given a long, bluesy and brilliantly conceived buildup) and also played most of *Desperado*. With the addition of Don Felder on guitar, though, the Eagles have become something of a shitkicking rock band, and they spent the latter half proving it, grinding out the Los Angeles equivalent of heavy metal.

I have always had kind yet uneasy feelings about this band. They sing well, write tuneful (albeit shallow) tunes, and play tight rock. But for all of Bernie

make eminently listenable, high-gloss music, but there's just something missing.

\* \* \*

Which leads me almost inexorably to Neil Young's newest album. *On The Beach* (Reprise R2180) is ragged and unpolished, full of bad intonation, distortion and cracking voices. In short, it flies in the face of all that which pop music (witness the Eagles) has been trying to be for the last several years. It is also — along with Joni Mitchell's *Court and Spark*, Bruce Springsteen's *The Wild, The Innocent & The E Street Shuffle*, Ry Cooder's *Paradise and Lunch* and Roxy Music's *Stranded* — one of the year's most exciting albums.

To my mind, Young has for the past several years been in the doldrums. *Harvest* disappointed because many of its best songs — "Heart of Gold," "A Man Needs A Maid," "Old Man," "The Damage Done" — had been presented in concert and on bootleg albums a year and a half before, and the new songs had in

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## Classic Jazz: A New Lease on Life

By Bob Blumenthal

The amount of great recorded jazz that is currently unavailable is shocking, doubly so when we recognize that most of it is "owned" by those who would have the least difficulty in disseminating it. Record industry giants such as Columbia, RCA, EMI (Capitol), MCA (Decca), Polydor (Verve), Transamerica (Blue Note, Pacific Jazz) and Phonogram could keep critics buried in reissues for a decade. But finally, a few of these companies have recognized that their lack of interest in the music doesn't necessarily mean that listeners must be denied.

The international conglomerate Phonogram, Inc., is one example of ownership of an enormous jazz treasury. By having had the once-independent Keynote label and various offshoots of Mercury Records (EmArcy, Limelight), it holds a respectable portion of twenty years of recorded jazz history. Phonogram also demonstrates a sensible way of making this music available — they lease it to a company willing to market the recordings. Trip Records, part of a New Jersey company that has made its name in cut-outs, has signed an unprecedented agreement with Phonogram under which Trip will issue 60 albums per year over the next five years. Twenty albums have been released to date in the "5500" Special Collectors Series, and several deserve to be received as long-lost friends.

A brief word on production. All of the pre-stereo recordings wisely appear in mono, though two say "reprocessed stereo." The liner notes vary from terse yet informative to empty and illiterate. No composer credits are given, unless mentioned in passing in the notes. Often there is no personnel listing — the intense *Dinah Jams* (TLP-5500), for example, nowhere mentions that Dinah Washington is in the company of the Clifford Brown/Max Roach Quintet, Clark Terry, Maynard Ferguson and Junior Mance. Strangest of all, the stark covers boldly display the date of the last reissue, rather than that of the original recording. Thus *Coleman Hawkins & the Trumpet Kings* (5515), four small group sessions from 1944, wears a bold red 1965 on its black cover. The recent appointment



Mingus, Vaughn and Kirk in the Old Days

of Fred Norsworthy, a committed independent producer and collector, as head of Trip's reissue program offers hope that future reissues will avoid these errors.

A good place to begin changing such procedural errors is with the material from Harry Lim's Keynote label. Lim recorded a few modernists (a Lennie Tristano collection is reportedly in preparation), but most of Keynote's catalogue captures the great mainstream musicians in the swing-to-bop transition years of the '40s. Two of the four Keynote items issued are non-essential grab bags of *Piano Players* (5504) and *Reeds* (5518), but the remaining pair center on jazz's two classic tenors. The aforementioned Hawkins album was done just before Bean began hiring Dizzy, Monk and other modernists and reflecting their ideas in his own playing. Here the cast is more traditional and Hawkins is obviously soloing in a swing style (harmonically, though, he was always an explorer). A great amount of Hawkins from this era has recently appeared, and although these sessions are not among the best, they contain much superior work from a master. Roy Eldridge and Buck Clayton are the trumpet kings who impress one most with their lyricism and drive.

'Pres' at his *Very Best* (5509), in contrast, is one of Lester Young's most awesome achievements. The strange mix of total relaxation and oblique attack that constitute Pres's radical style, and which he never practiced so virtuously again, overshadows even the fine sidemen on the album's two sessions. One is a 1944 septet with Count Basie, Clayton and

Dickie Wells, the last classic small Basie group; the 1943 quartet with Johnny Guarneri, Slam Stewart and drummer Sid Catlett is even better. Lester's work on "Just You, Just Me" and "Sometimes I'm Happy," oft-quoted though it may be, is endlessly fresh.

EmArcy (that's MRC, as in Mercury Record Corporation) was Mercury's jazz label through most of the fifties, and nine of these albums originally appeared there. The standouts are three pairs of recordings by EmArcy's most influential artists. Dinah Washington, "The Queen," retained more of her rough blues edges in 1954, when *Dinah Jams* and *After Hours with Miss "D"* (5516) were recorded, than in her later years of Top 40 success. The pop tunes she performs are, through raw passion and absolute conviction, carried well past their normal limits. The instrumental solos on *Jams* disappoint, often by becoming sloppy; the less illustrious cast of *After Hours* generally shows more control. Both records contain moving vocal performances — "Come Rain or Come Shine," "No More," "You Go to My Head" on *Jams*; "Am I Blue," "Love for Sale" and others on *After Hours* — which anticipate later Ray Charles.

Sarah Vaughn is an instructive contrast to Dinah, for the original *Divine One* is more the harmonically sophisticated musician than the untrained blues belter. The album, simply titled *Sarah Vaughn* (5501), contains nine perfect examples from 1954 of one of jazz history's rarest vocal instruments. Sarah's technical gifts in no way lessen the emotional content of her vocals, just as the tight

arrangements for the supporting sextet (which features Clifford Brown, Herbie Mann, tenorman Paul Quinichette and pianist Jimmy Jones) don't inhibit beautiful instrumental work. *Sassy* (5517), on the other hand, sets Vaughn in thick strings for her dull material.

Clifford Brown, the third important Emarcy artist, is the man best served by the Trip-Phonogram lease, since the bulk of his finest trumpet work is on Emarcy. Together with drummer Max Roach, he led what has often been called the last great bop combo. The group's *At Basin Street* (5511) is one of their most important recordings, for it is both Brown's last as a leader (January, 1956) and his first with Sonny Rollins. The brilliance of Brown and Roach was matched by the still evolving but already monstrous Rollins tenor. All of the solos bear this out, as well as the arrangements on "Love is a Many Splendored Thing" (early touches of 5/4), "I'll Remember April" and "The Scene is Clean." "Time" has Clifford at his balladic best; more of Brown's ballad work is on the tasteful but narrow *Clifford Brown with Strings* (5502) from 1955.

We leave the '50s with the four especially interesting albums originally on Mercury. *The Great Wide World of Quincy Jones* (5514) was the debut of the composer / arranger's all-star band (a partial list of sidemen includes Art Farmer, Lee Morgan, Phil Woods, Budd Johnson and Berklee College's late trumpet master, Lennie Johnson). Jones had written earlier for Basie and Gillespie and wasn't the ultra-hip mechanic we now know; his charts mix the tightness of the

Count with Dizzy's bravado, and nod to Ellington, Goodman and Don Redman in the process. The extensive use of flutes, rare in 1960, has worn well. *Mingus Revisited* (5513), from the same year, also employs a large orchestra that screams as only a Mingus group can. The program contains several of the bassist's earliest compositions (the original album title was *Pre-Bird*), including "Half-Mast Inhibition," an amazing work from 1941, when Mingus was 20! There are also two Roland Kirk albums from the early '60s, *Domino* (5503) and *Kirk in Copenhagen* (5512), that surpass any Kirk recordings from the last several years. *Domino* may even be his finest so far, with excellent work from Roland on all of his horns and the still-exciting debut of pianist Andrew Hill.

Finally, there are three Limelight albums from the mid-'60s. The most celebrated of these is *Last Date* (5506), recorded by Eric Dolphy and a Dutch rhythm section a month before the "new music" giant's death in 1964. Eric here contains some of his abundant energy, as was usually the case when he appeared in front of European pickup groups; in being so contained, the deep sensitivity of his lines became that much more apparent. The format is bass clarinet, flute and alto sax pieces for each side. His bullying bass clarinet on "Epistrophe" is only one recorded example of Dolphy's affinity for Monk. "Miss Ann," his most famous piece, receives a more reflective alto performance than on the Prestige original. "You Don't Know What Love Is," the album's ballad feature, is the most complete example of Dolphy's flute on record.

The other Limelights are less substantial but still of interest. *Charlie Parker 10th Memorial Concert* (5510), from Carnegie Hall and 1965, has a cast that includes Gillespie, Moody, Hawkins and Dorham, but Lee Konitz takes honors with his unaccompanied "Blues for Bird." *Buttercorn Lady* (5505) by the 1966 Jazz Messengers would be a typical blowing date were it not for the early work of trumpeter Chuck Mangione (a competent mix of Diz and Miles) and the first recording of one Keith Jarrett.

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# Records



**Lorraine Ellison: LORRAINE ELLISON (Warner Bros. BS 2780)**

Not only is "Stay With Me" a soul classic; it's also one of the most wrenching emotional experiences ever captured on vinyl. It was released in 1966, and although it scarcely dented the charts, left-over copies of the single were soon selling for \$5.00 and Lorraine Ellison had gained a minuscule but rapturous following. During the next seven years she came out with only two albums, both somewhat disappointing, but nothing could erase the memory and intensity of "Stay With Me." Now, at long last, there is an album to justify her devotees' faith and perseverance.

Lorraine Ellison is a Philadelphian gospel singer gone secular, and has nothing in common with the Gamble and Huff combine. The only soul vocalist to whom she can be compared is Aretha Franklin, whose range she cannot emulate but whose shattering impact she, and she alone, can rival. She does it by means of high-pitched screams and piercing cries of ache and desire, which she unleashes as her songs swoop to shrill, devastating climaxes. Admittedly, she is a limited singer, and when on her new album she strays beyond her limits and assays jazz ("Stormy Weather") or sentimental pop ("If Only I Could See Him"), she is ineffectual. But on her own turf, rooted in gospel, she's unbeatable, and Lorraine Ellison wisely stays close to home.

Collaborating on the album are producer Ted Templeman and pianist Mark Jordan, whose

settings are sympathetic if not always as potent as they could be. Sweetened by strings, the music occasionally lacks sufficient bottom. At times the bass and percussion, too, should be darker and denser, offering a loamier contrast to Lorraine Ellison's searing flights, which the strings tend to etherealize.

But the power and the glory of the vocals render this reservation about the production almost irrelevant, and all it should take to win you over is one listening to her rendition of "Many Rivers to Cross." Her sanctified shrieks turn what has quickly become just another pop standard into a transcendent hymn. This should be the single, backed with "Country Woman's Prayer," a song Lorraine Ellison wrote herself and which she also wails with heart-breaking fervor.

—Ken Emerson



**Charlie Parker: FIRST RECORDINGS (Onyx 221)**

Hyperbole, the common currency of all liner notes, is justified here, i.e. you can believe Dan Morgenstern's claim that this is one of the most important jazz records ever released. Not only do the nine previously unreleased tracks reveal genius, but one has romantic implications unparalleled in recorded jazz.

Side one contains seven broadcast transcriptions of two 1940 Jay McShann octets. The bands are beautiful examples of Kansas City swing in full flower, with two fine trumpeters (Orville Minor and Buddy Anderson) and a well-meshed rhythm team in McShann, Gene Ramey and Gus Johnson. Bird, featured ex-

tensively, is here a commanding yet incomplete player. His amazing speed was already present, as were many of his favorite phrases (hear "Body and Soul"), but rhythmically he was not yet a bopper. With all of their notes, such fine solos as "Lady Be Good" and "Honeysuckle Rose" are actually Bird's meditations on Lester Young. In fact, Bird had digested Pres's insights more completely than any player up to that point.

The romance is on a 1942 "Cherokee" recorded at Monroe's, one of the spawning grounds of bebop. The story of how Parker discovered bebop while jamming on "Cherokee" in Harlem in 1939 has often been told, but it took time for Bird to put his discoveries together. Two years after the McShann sets, Bird has the missing elements under control — an unpredictable rhythmic attack that allows accents to fall on weak, strong and in-between beats, and a tonal attack that similarly shifts from vibrato-less calm to guttural grunting. The seeds of later triumphs on the same changes, "Warming Up a Riff" and the incredible "Koko," are scattered all over this "Cherokee."

The previously issued session, from 1945, finds an ordinary blues singer named Rubberlegs Williams responding to the benzedrine Bird and Dizzy Gillespie surreptitiously slipped into his coffee. The playing of Bird, Diz and Don Byas makes up for the vocals (Diz is amazing on "I Want Every Bit of It"). A final track is from a Cootie Williams Savoy Ballroom gig, an example of Bird's finished style. All of this music predates the first recording sessions under Parker's name; they thus form a prelude to the greatest years of a monumental artist.

—Bob Blumenthal

**Jimmy Cliff: STRUGGLING MAN (Island SW-9343)**

Jimmy Cliff is becoming to reggae what Tom Jones is to soul music. This, his second album since *The Harder They Come*, is best suited for elevators. Jamaica's contribution to the



list of Cambridge-embraced angry young men makes a great cinematic outlaw, but this record smacks more of bubblegum than ganja. At best, it's a series of weak echoes of good reggae. Missing is the brooding power and island folklore of The Wailers or Maytals; instead, Cliff gives us cliché-ridden lyrics from his own pen. The deep and thoughtful sentiments include stuff like "better days are coming soon" and "when you're young hold your head high" and, worst of all, some rhetoric *cum* reggae in a Bobby Seale reprise titled "Sieve the Time."

The reggae trademark syn-copations are reduced to being a backdrop for bouncy, vapid tunes. Some cuts are infectious, but only in the insipid way that you can't get "Yummy, Yummy," or a Coke jingle out of your mind. If you want reggae (and you should), you don't want this.

—Howard Husock



**Focus: HAMBURGER CONCERTO (Atco 36-100)**

Focus is a grimly fascinating Scandinavian rock band that recalls the old adage of "All dressed up and no place to go."

The combined musical talents of its members are considerable. Keyboard artist Thijs Van Leer and guitarist Jan Akkerman have each released solo albums, awarded on the basis of their flashy group work and the success of last year's gimmicky hit, "Hocus Pocus."

They have talent, but "gimmick" is the key word. Focus radiates the same cold professionalism of a good nose & throat man. Their music is slick, tight, and impersonal. Their lyrics are meaningless, more often wordless mouthings, but aptly applied, sharing the precision of everything else. The human voice serves Focus as merely another instrument, which, as Edgar Winter has shown, can be done well — but here it's chilly and uninviting.

This particular effort seems to strive for a clinical feeling. The jacket design consists of the group's name in Roman script cut into marble; and the specific title is in neon. The choice of title also reflects the subject matter; Focus chooses hamburgers, and their music is like the American hamburger; expertly rendered from coast to coast but lacking in internal character. (Of course, there are some hamburgers that make it, but this isn't one of them.) A recitation of titles on the first side indicates the ersatz class Focus tries to enter by musical virtuosity alone: "Ditiae Musicae," "La Cathedrale De Strasbourg," "Birth."

The effort seems so completely geared to their notion of the American audience that nothing can be left over of their own. Van Leer's vocals contain that quirky yodeling cuteness so appealing to the fraternity boys, and the rhythm section lands on each beat like a fly-swatter.

The second side is their "Hamburger Concerto," which moves from "Starter" to "Well Done," but is all half-baked. The four man group chugs through all the predictable changes, resurrecting riffs from *Abbey Road* and early Led Zeppelin, mixing in heavy portions of moog and arp to create the impression of depth, all to no avail. Focus produces studio make-work music of high instrumental quality and very low interest. Fine technicians, these men are no artists.

—Mike Baron

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# Theatre: The Number Two Bard's Ms. Alliance

By Carolyn Clay

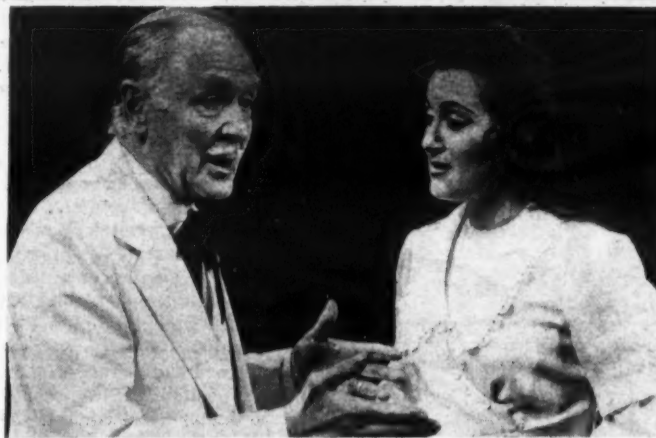
**MISALLIANCE** by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Tunc Yalman, Set Design by Zack Brown. At Loeb Drama Center through August 10.

The excuse of "it's the thought that counts" is more applicable to presents than plays. Bernard Shaw's ideas may have been progressive, but sitting through some of his plays is worse than being locked in a closet with Bill Buckley — though the political implications are less nauseating. It all depends with Shaw on the ratio of pleasantry to polemic, and in this three-hour drawing room talkathon called "Misalliance," the propagandizing so overwhelms that set designer Zack Brown has seen fit to build a mini-platform (disguised as a step) into the lush country house pavillion so that the speechmakers will feel at home. (I suppose a soapbox, if appropriate, would have been vulgar.)

Feminists will probably lynch me for not being enchanted with this slice of Shavian propaganda, but it is nearly as devoid of humor as Kate Millet (and the ingenue looks a little like her). By the time Lina Szczepanowska takes the step-stage to denounce

marriage and declare she'd sooner stoop to acting or singing opera (cheap shot, George, cheap shot) than take her bread from the hand of some porcine protector, most of the audience has to be roused from dreamland to applause. Feminism is seldom noted for its sparkle, but one does expect more from Shaw. After all, this is the Number Two Bard, and he tried harder.

The play centers on the rather blatant "misalliance" of the bored and flirtatious daughter of an underwear tycoon who talks like an ad for Doubleday ("Read Dickens, read Kipling, read what's-his-name") to a motley of seriously lacking suitors. None is scintillating, but Hypatia has been brought up to believe "you have to marry somebody. What better?" What better, indeed! Shaw provides the answer straightaway when a prep school chum of the current fiance crashes his airplane into the Tarleton greenhouse, only to be saved by a female Polish acrobat in mannish clothing to whom all of the ridiculous male character are dying to make love. The Superwoman rejects them, of course, although she finds the offer of middle-class marriage



Bramwell Fletcher and Jessica Richman in Misalliance.

the most disgusting of the lot. Hypatia is finally matched up with the pilot, a swain as callous as she, but not before G. Blowhard Shaw has told us what he thinks about everything from the British Empire to bringing-up-baby, most of it more tedious than can be endured by any but an avid Shavian-freak.

The Loeb production of this 1909 confrontation between the runt of an aristocratic litter and the *nouveau-riche* is blessed by the stage presence of Bramwell

Fletcher (whose one-man show, "Bramwell Fletcher as Bernard Shaw," is the only portrayal of the playwright sanctioned by the Shaw estate). As Lord Summerhays, an elderly and sophisticated looker-on at this circus of bourgeois gauche (and former governor of some heathen province), Fletcher is relaxed and quietly cosmopolitan. Even he blows his lines from time to time, but perhaps that is just nature's way of telling us that Bernard Shaw talked too much.

The rest of the cast, though some are otherwise engaging, lacks Fletcher's ease with the oratorical material, and they "act" their hearts out, flailing and gesticulating as if that kind of actor-alchemy could turn blowbag talk into a reveille. The boobish Tarleton family is a bit overplayed, especially by Virginia Payne as Mrs. Tarleton (the "Chickabiddy," as hubby inanely dubs her). Payne's attitudes are about as subtle as gearshifting in a tanker-truck, and she follows each speech with a kind of freeze-frame, as if waiting for us to reinforce with applause her tsk-tsk bless-my-soul-read-the-Bible-and-don't-talk-about-sex-or-sewage hamming.

I had thought that unbearable English relations were customarily locked in the family attics like the first wife in *Jane Eyre*, but evidently not — Bentley Summerhays, the unplanned and underdeveloped brat-offspring of the suave if senile Summerhays, is allowed out in the open air to get on everyone's nerves. Patrick Young grates appropriately in the part, though his fey effeminacy isn't

— Please turn to page 9

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## Film

Continued from page 2 —

ordering. The naive viewer will not securely know who is who, or on what side, and without such clarification the film loses the immediacy that must have informed the decisions made at the time and place.

So we see scene after scene of various civilians, soldiers, corpses, skylines (technology meets the Holy Land) and children. There are a few interviews with sensitive, intelligent, ambivalent spokesmen (fair-minded, yet all on the Israeli side); the most potent moments are a recitation by a British colonel of Arab school-textbook anti-Semitism and the watching of traumatized soldiers in a psychiatric ward forced to relive their experiences by means of sedation, battle-noise tape

recordings and the active participation of the doctors.

Sontag seems to think this is enough. In a strikingly banal article in the July *Vogue* (she's come a long way from *Partisan Review*, and her brilliant documentary essay "A Trip to Hanoi"), she maintains that the film is true, even if not the whole truth. She wanted to represent a condition, not an action. Had she been a more skeptical editor, she could have realized her intentions in half the time (or less).

Heated reviews may come from those more informed than I am about the subject, those who object to the pro-Israeli tone of the film (or perhaps even from those Zionists who might find it lacking). But viewers less intensely involved with the issues will probably find *Promised Lands* excruciating.

—David Moran

**A VERY NATURAL THING.** Directed by Christopher Larkin. With Robert Joel, Curt Gareth and Bo White. At the Garden Cinema.

This is the first general release movie, by an admittedly gay producer, to treat gay love as a natural form of human love. Otherwise, it is not particularly extraordinary or artistic. In fact, the acting is sometimes weak, and there are a few attempts at arty camera techniques that, rather than enhancing the film, tend to detract from it.

But the audience, which has thus far been large and predominantly gay, generally overlooks these faults in the film. Instead, they appreciate the movie's realistic look at gay people in love. The plot is simple — boy meets girl; boy loses girl; boy meets another girl. The only alteration to that formula is that it is played out with an all-male cast.

For many gay men in the audience, this is probably the first time that so traditional a movie plot has actually meant something. The characters and most of the situations are made readily recognizable to gay people, particularly men. There are howls of laughter from the audience when the gay male couple sheepishly picks out its first tube of K-Y Lubricating Jelly at a drugstore. And there are even some audience snuffles when the initial gay love relationship runs aground.

Sex scenes are an integral part of the movie. But gay sex is not exploited. It is shown as a tender and, yes, a very natural thing. Also threaded throughout the film are shots made during the 1973 New York gay pride parade, which serves as the setting for the meeting between lead actor Robert Joel and his second lover, played by Bo White.

After the parade, as the two men walk along the waterfront, they heatedly debate the issue of publicly coming out as gay men. It is noteworthy their debate does not focus on whether gay people should come out, but on how they should go about it.

—Jack Armstrong

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# Theatre

Continued from page 7  
quite suited to the role of overgrown Spock-failure.

Alison Stanley, though costumed to look like Laura Ingalls Wilder in a balloon and rather self-conscious about her all-purpose Slavic accent, lends the Polish symbol of independent womanhood some humanity. And Patrick Clear is effective as Shaw's one-man proletariat. Jessica Richman is overly mannered as Hypatia and Louis Turenne is miscast as the drawer-mogul, but both are poised and autocratic enough.

"Misalliance" is so talky, however, that even Shaw makes cracks about it within the context of the play. And if I were to succumb, as critics always do, to quoting him to describe him, the choice would have to be "Democracy reads well but it doesn't act well — like some people's plays."

**THE TEMPEST**, by William Shakespeare. Directed by John Pollock. At the Publick Theatre through August 18.

The heroic struggle of third world peoples to rid themselves of their white colonialist oppressors is somewhat turgidly worked out in this very late play by the Elizabethan radical, William Shakespeare. In "The Tempest" the political spectrum of an island's emerging nationalist forces, from monsters to fairy spirits, is tellingly drawn in the characters of Caliban and Ariel. Prospero, an aging exiled warlord, has proclaimed himself ruler of this tiny banana republic. He raises his only daughter along strictly patriarchal lines. Over-educated and sex-starved, she is an easy victim for the first unscrupulous, albeit weak male she finds washed ashore. The murderous decadence of the ruling classes of Milan and Naples is revealed in the sordid intrigues of the squabbling shipwrecked nobles. Caliban, humiliated, taught the language of the oppressors, refuses nonetheless to renounce his monsterhood. In the end, Prospero is forced to free his enslaved spritely populace in order to win back his position as dictator of Milan.

If the play isn't about such imperialist convolutions, then I'm afraid it is one of the duller pot-boilers by a bard who had grown awfully lazy and thought that a monster, a fairy, and as sentimental a pair of lovers as he'd ever tried to get away with would bring off this tedious bit of nonsense.

My heart goes out to mummies, a group more pitiable than poets, since they stand or fall because of someone else's lines. In the Publick Theater production of this doomed drama, Cathy Wilson exhibits just the right amount of maidenly lust as she ogles the first specimen of manhood she's seen — other than Daddy. Corky Geary is a satisfactory Ariel, although no one is ever incorporeal enough for that role. Linda Mongeon is monsterly as Caliban and nicely costumed as well. Arthur Caparell as Sebastian, Gregg Hill as Antonio, Ken Meseroll as the Boatswain and Lois McCormick as a female Trinculo all deserve credit for trying hard.

But I strongly object to the direction, which is afflicted with the same sleepiness that overcomes most of the characters at one time or another; to Prospero dressed like an aging David Bowie in platinum wig and spangled eyebrows; and to the beating Terpsichore takes because someone decided to have the attendant sprites and tree spirits sit around the bare stage and writhe their way through the entire performance.

—Celia Gilbert

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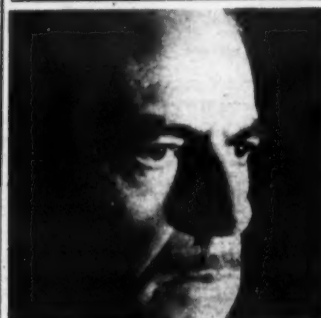
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**Ins & Outs**



The Eugene O'Neill Theatre Museum opens Aug. 5. Bonnie Raitt Performs at Dartmouth on Aug. 9.

Dartmouth Summer Carnival . . . Bonnie Raitt and traditional Louisiana bluesman Robert Pete Williams will give two Friday Night Special concerts on August 9 at 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. in Spaulding Auditorium, Hopkins Center. Call 642-2422 to reserve tix.

The Eugene O'Neill Theatre Museum, featuring a comprehensive collection of photographs and historical material, will open on Monday, August 5 on the Provincetown Playhouse pier. Highlighting the premiere exhibition is a seven-minute synch-sound slide tape spanning 65 years of O'Neill's life — with photos from the Museum of the City of New York. Future exhibits will include rare O'Neill memorabilia, a series of documentaries and manuscript displays. The Museum will be open daily from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. and from 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. For more info call 487-0955.

Revue From the Inside . . . cast members of Moonchildren and Jacques Brel will be touring prisons throughout the greater Boston area with an Entertainment Collage beginning Wednesday, August 14 at Concord Prison. Theatre companies interested in participating in the program and correctional institutions wishing to schedule performances should call Moonchildren at 423-2255.

Summerthing events this week include performances by The Puppeteers, the Hispanic Theatre Company, Pete Chavez, the Dance Theatre of Boston, and a Moviebus screening of Sounder. Call the Arts Line — 261-1660 — for times and places.

New Home for the Booksmith . . . after more than 12 years at 37A Brattle Street, the Paperback Booksmith has moved into larger quarters at 25 Brattle in Harvard Square. To expand their "dedicated to the fine art of browsing" theory, the Booksmith will have an open house on the first Friday of each month, so that browsers and authors can get together and talk. Writers planning to visit the Cambridge store this fall include Dan Wakefield, Anne Sexton, Thomas McHale and Mark Strand.

On the Art Scene . . . The World of the Artisan is the theme of a special exhibit at the Society of Arts and Crafts Gallery, 69 Newbury St., through August 28. Everyone is invited to the opening reception on Wednesday, August 7, from 4:30 to 8 p.m. Scene designer Carolyn Ross's recent works, including miniature stage sets of Purlie, King Lear and Duenna, are on view in the Beaumont-May Gallery at Dartmouth College through August 25. Works in Progress: Artists in Residence to the Public is a project developed by the Institute of Contemporary Art that invites the public to observe ten local artists at work in ten Boston locations. Call 266-5151 for a complete schedule of times and places. Nine contemporary Boston artists will show their Works on Paper, executed in a variety of media, through the summer at the Fogg Museum.

Music Happenings . . . A series of free August concerts will be presented in the Fogg Museum Courtyard on Tuesdays at 2 p.m. The first program, on August 6, features The Columbia Street Singers' Double Quartet performing 16th and 17th century English and French vocal music, and two contemporary songs by Hindemith.

Dance Events . . . new works by Bill Evans, Elizabeth Keen and Martha Armstrong Gray will be performed at the Agassiz Theatre on August 8, 9, and 10. Tix are on sale now at the Loeb box office. Robb Baker, Associate Editor of Dance Magazine will talk about New Dance on August 7 at 11 a.m. It's a free lecture at Agassiz House on the Radcliffe Campus.

—Laura Katz

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Wednesday August 7	Francois Truffaut's SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER 3:20, 6:35, 9:55	Ingmar Bergman's SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT 1:30, 4:45, 8:05
Thursday August 8	Marcel Camus' BLACK ORPHEUS 2:30, 5:55, 9:25	Francois Truffaut's THE 400 BLOWS 4:15, 7:40
Friday August 9	Ingmar Bergman's THE SEVENTH SEAL 2:30, 6:00, 9:30	Jean Renoir's THE RULES OF THE GAME 4:10, 7:40
Saturday August 10	Francois Truffaut's JULES AND JIM 2:15, 5:55, 9:35	Jean Renoir's GRAND ILLUSION 4:05, 7:45
Sunday August 11	Ingmar Bergman's WILD STRAWBERRIES 3:40, 6:45, 9:50	Orson Welles' THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS 2:15, 5:15, 8:20
Monday August 12	The Marx Brothers in ROOM SERVICE 4:00, 6:45, 9:45	Alfred Hitchcock's THE 39 STEPS 2:30, 5:20, 8:20
Tuesday August 13	Claude Charbrol's LES BONNES FEMMES 2:30, 5:55, 9:35	Claude Charbrol's LEDA 4:15, 7:50

# Hot Dots

**SUNDAY**  
**NOTE:** It's difficult to write a TV column when there's nothing worth watching on the tube, and August is the low point of the year. However, we may be saved by a new special dramatic production called "Impeachment Proceedings" starring Peter Rodino as Marion Brando and Charles Sandman as Joe Pyne. The show is carried in rotation by all three major networks and pre-empted some of the listings to follow. "Impeachment Proceedings" is a good, well-paced show, though the humility can be oppressive. Remember, even if the committee members have to say how reluctant they are to carry on, you're still allowed to chortle and cheer.

12:00 (7) "Robinson Crusoe on Mars," (movie). A space opera classic in which an astronaut is marooned on the red planet with a sullen native, and is subjected to periodic assaults during which tons of used coffee grounds fall from the sky.  
 1:00 (4) Red Sox Baseball: Sox vs. New York.  
 2:00 (5) "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," (movie). Jennifer Jones and John Gielgud star in the story of the troubled romance between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. God's in his heaven, Robert's in Italy, Elizabeth's arguing with her father and everything's fairly melodramatic with the world.  
 2:00 (9) "Song of Arizona," (movie). Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Gabby Hayes and Lyle Talbot.  
 6:00 (56) "The 30-Foot Bride of Candy Rock," (movie). Lou Costello and Dorothy Provine star as a spaceship and a 30-foot woman.  
 7:30 (2) The Great American Mouth Myth. Laughing all the way to the dentist. This is a light-hearted look at tooth brushes and pyorrhea.  
 9:00 (2) Clouds of Witness. Repeated broadcast of the serialized British mystery-drama, episode one.

**MONDAY**  
 8:00 (2) The ATP Summer Tennis Tour. First National Tennis Classic from Louisville, Kentucky. Manuel Orantes, Stan Smith, Ilie Nastase and Arthur Ashe.  
 8:15 (4) NBC Major League Baseball: Cincinnati vs. Los Angeles.  
 9:00 (5) "The Mad Room," (movie). Stella Stevens and Shelley Winters star in a confusing story about a brother and sister released into the care of another sister who lives with a widow who is eventually murdered.  
 9:00 (56) "The Assassination Bureau," (movie). Diana Rigg subverts an Edwardian contract murder business by assigning its members to get each other.

**TUESDAY**  
 8:00 (2) Pioneers of Modern Painting: Edward Munch. A profile of the founder of a movement called "Expressionism."  
 8:30 (4) Red Sox Baseball: Sox vs. Milwaukee.  
 8:30 (5) "Shirts/Skins," (movie). Made-for-TV movie with Bill Bixby and Doug McClure about six young businessmen and a basketball game gone mad.  
 9:00 (2) The Sinners, "The Holy Door." Fourth drama in the series. This story deals with the tribulations of a young woman who disappoints her husband by failing to produce the sons he needs to cash in on his inheritance.  
 11:30 (7) "The Face of Fu Manchu,"

(movie). Christopher Lee and Nigel Green.

**WEDNESDAY**  
 8:00 (2) Journey to Japan. A look at bamboo basket weaving, and a tour of Nijo Castle.  
 8:30 (2) Hollywood Television Theater: "Police and Lemonade." That's a good title, but actually there will be two plays tonight - 1.) "The Police," a fantasy about a country where the cops run out of work; and 2.) "Lemonade," in which Martha Scott and Eileen Herlie set up a spiked lemonade stand.  
 8:30 (36, 53) The Great American Dream Machine. Reruns of some of the best TV ever produced from this show's '71-'72 season. Interview with Evel Knievel, a French movie parody and Marshal Efron's famous olive explanation.  
 8:30 (4) Red Sox Baseball: Sox vs. Milwaukee.  
 10:00 (2) Festival Films. Award-winning films by film and TV students.  
 10:30 (2) Video Visionaries: The Medium is the Medium. First of a thirteen-part series exploring what they call the "new video art." Tonight's show deals with the earliest attempts at TV art with a tape produced in 1968 by WGBH.

**THURSDAY**  
 8:30 (5) Just For Laughs: "Ernie, Madge and Arnie." Half-hour anthology of four new sit-coms starring Frank Sutton, Cloris Leachman and Dick Van Patten.  
 9:00 (7) "The Looking Glass War," (movie). Christopher Jones stars as the spy who wants nothing more than to come in from the cold in this story of espionage in East Germany.  
 10:00 (2) Say Brother: Root Music. Early Black music in America traced through the South and Chicago. Performances by John Jackson and J.B. Hutton.  
 11:30 (5) The Dick Cavett Show. 90-minute interview with Bette Davis.

**FRIDAY**  
 9:30 (5) Toma. Tony Musante and Susan Srasberg star in one of the best crime series on TV doomed to extinction in the fall.  
 10:00 (56) "Sherlock Holmes and the Pursuit to Algiers," (movie). Holmes and Watson escort a young potentate back to his Eastern throne — a clever twist at the end.  
 11:30 (5) Desi Arnez, Jr. — California My Way. Desi Jr. can't even play the conga drum as well as his Dad, but they put on this show to build him up as a personality. Guests include Dino Martin (another one), Paul Williams and Chi Coltrane.  
 12:30 (7) "Dracula Has Risen From the Grave," (movie). Christopher Lee in a Transylvanian saloon.  
 1:00 (4) The Midnight Special. Sly and the Family Stone host Roger McGuinn, Elvin Bishop, Henry Gross and Littlefeet.

**SATURDAY**  
 4:30 (4) Red Sox Baseball: Sox vs. Oakland.  
 10:00 (2) The David Susskind Show. A segment of this show is enigmatically titled "Marlene Dietrich, Bette Midler and Mae West - Female Impersonators."  
 1:00 (4) Rock Concert. 10 C.C., Billy Joel and Dobie Gray.  
 2:30 (5) "The Invisible Ray," (movie). Karloff and Lugosi in one of those science fiction movies written without consulting any science. The story of the discovery of Radium X.

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**SUNDAY AUGUST 11**  
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**GUNTHER SCHULLER**  
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 Honegger: Symphony no. 2 for String, Orchestra and Trumpet  
 Strauss: Final Scene from "Salome"  
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# Film Strips



**MOVIE OF THE WEEK: Murder.** The Park Square/Kenmore chain revives this vintage Hitchcock work (and one of his few real whodunits) in conjunction with a grand scheme of early Hitchcock revivals. The original *Man Who Knew Too Much* is back on the same bill, and later in August expect *Sabotage* (an adaptation of Conrad's *The Secret Agent*) and *Blackmail*. The latter features Basil Rathbone as its villain, which is noteworthy since we know at least one rabid Rathbone cultist. Through Thursday, at the Kenmore Moviehouse.

**JANE EYRE.** One of the most brazen tear-jerkers of all time features a maudlin Orson Welles, not to mention tiny Elizabeth Taylor in her pre-*National Velvet* days. Wednesday through Saturday, at the Kenmore Moviehouse.

**LOVE AND ANARCHY.** A brutal and bewildering film more about guilt, fear, impotence, and sexual roles than either passion or politics. A rustic madman comes to town to assassinate Mussolini, but the whores who grow to love him thwart his plans. Lina Wertmuller's film looks like Fellini, and there are many moments of sympathy and power, but the fever

pitch is constantly undercut by the reflexive, illegitimate hysteria. Still, it's worth being jarred by. At the Allston Cinema.

**UPTOWN SATURDAY NIGHT.** Black comedy busts loose here as a winning lottery ticket gets chased through Harlem. The all-star cast shows the marvelous faces people wear in order to get by. At the Beacon Hill and Savoy.

**BLAZING SADDLES.** Funny and gross; a black lawman (Cleavon Little) saves the day in Mel Brooks's bizarre vision of the Old West, but Gene Wilder has most of the good moments. At the Pi Alley.

**FOR PETE'S SAKE.** Money does buy happiness, as Zany Barbra runs through all manner of hijinks to make her husband rich. Everybody winds up in trouble, naturally; Barbra's a simpleton, hubby's a simp, and the caricature characters generally offend. Finally, all the jokes are cheap, since director Peter Yates wouldn't know good comedy if he tripped over it. At the Paris.

**THE STING.** Since it's really not the best picture of the year and all that, don't go expecting too much — and a pox on Marvin Hamlisch. Still, it's carefully done, the two leading men are nice to look at, the story is cleverly told, and altogether it's almost as good as *Butch Cassidy*. At the Gary.

**THE BANK SHOT.** An unfunny comedy about a nitwit robbery scheme, with George C. Scott. Predictable surprises, broad and shallow humor, but with a pleasing balletic quality resulting from choreographer Gower Champion's direction. At the Cheri.

**CHINATOWN.** Polanski returns with this sleek thirties' detective drama about corruption in drought-stricken L.A. Neither original nor entirely coherent, but its clichés and appearance are pleasing, and it quietly convinces even of the screenplay puzzles. Jack Nicholson is a magnificent smartass gumshoe; Faye Dunaway is the center of the mystery;

John Huston is evil. Lots of Polanski perversities — fish eyes, incest, a slashed nose. At the Circle, Brookline.

**THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT.** This collection of clips from vintage movie musicals is a guaranteed winner, with Garland, Kelly and Astaire, Esther Williams, Mickey Rooney and a lead-footed Joan Crawford. At the Cinema 57.

**DAISY MILLER.** This vehicle for Cybill Shepherd has run over Henry James's vacuous, innocent Daisy; the story's weight has shifted from Winterbourne, the narrator of the novella, to director Bogdanovich's girlfriend. Smoothly directed, intelligently shot, badly rewritten James — ultimately without the integrity or interest of *Masterpiece Theatre*. At the Abbey.

**THE PARALLAX VIEW.** Warren Beatty is very good as the hero-reporter who uncovers a firm that hires psychopaths to assassinate executives and politicians. The film is economical and full of trickery, but it convincingly creates a ghastly modern panorama of implicit horror, in which everything has become suspect. The main problem is the easy ending, which is rather a copout, and makes one feel the film has really just begun. At the Charles.

**MALIZIA.** Regardless of one's sexism barometer, this is a nauseous movie. A pretty young woman gets fantastically manipulated by a widower and his three sons, and by the director as well. Not hard-core, just obscene Mediterranean misogyny. At the Charles West.

**THE GREAT GATSBY.** This turkey walks very slowly indeed. The women are uniformly bad, the men uniformly good, especially Robert Redford as Jay Gatsby. The overhead shots of Mia Farrow's large forehead make her look like an ant. The film takes as long to sit through as the novel does to read; director Jack Clayton did the latter most primitively. At the Eater.

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"Love and Anarchy" is a dazzling film, wholly compelling, that revives the summer doldrums with a terrific power to entertain. Few movies are so provocative, so thrilling and so boldly original. And few movies too are directed so strikingly, with such tremendous visual style... The movie is entralling and signals Wertmuller as a major talent. So see it and be prepared for an ending — the interrogation and bludgeon murder, shot in stark shadows, of Tunin — that will leave you on the verge of tears, utterly exhausted.

—Patrick McGilligan, *Boston Globe*

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—Rex Reed, *New York Daily News*

**LOVE & ANARCHY**  
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY LINA WERTMULLER  
A HERBERT R. STEINMANN-BILLY BAXTER PRESENTATION  
Starring: GIANCARLO GIANNINI (Winner "Best Actor" Cannes Film Festival)  
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**Quiet in the theatre!**

When people talk during a movie, that's not news. When they talk with the movie, as at "HAROLD AND MAUDE", that's news.

A qualification for a movie classic is that it have rich or pithy or clever dialogue—lines that you anticipate each time you see the film. Some buffs even pride themselves on memorizing whole chunks of the script, and reciting it along with the on-screen actors. We've heard of this happening at screenings of films like "All About Eve", "Casablanca", "King Kong", etc.

It now seems to be happening with "HAROLD AND MAUDE". We're not surprised, because Colin Higgins' script does have many joyful, unforgettable lines. Personally, we don't care if you memorize the whole movie, but could we request that you hold down the talking—out of respect for those who may be seeing the film for the first time.

Presented by  
**HAROLD and MAUDE**  
with  
**RUTH GORDON**  
**BUD CORT**

Mon.-Fri: 7:30 & 9:15 Sat. & Sun: 2:15, 4, 5:45, 7:30 & 9:15 p.m.

**ORSON WELLES CINEMA**  
1001 Mass. Avenue, Cambridge 868-3600  
((Fully Air-Conditioned))

Free pass: to the first 25 callers with the correct answer to the following question (868-3603 after 4:30 PM please). Who starred in the Powell/Lombard roles in the 1957 remake of My Man Godfrey? Last week's answer: The Treasure of the Sierra Madre.

**1** Wed., August 7 — Sat., August 10  
**JANE EYRE**  
with Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine  
One of the great movie love stories of all time. Told with Welles' sinister and murky style, it becomes a superb gothic horror tale as well.  
5:50, 9:30  
*The Adventures of Robin Hood*  
with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Claude Rains, Basil Rathbone.  
The ultimate swashbuckler from the legendary tale of love and adventure is also known as one of the most beautiful technicolor movies in history.  
4:00, 7:35, 11:15 (except Fri & Sat.)  
Sun., August 11 — Tues., August 13  
**The Ruling Class**  
with Peter O'Toole  
In England this is one of the most popular modern British Comedy films. In the USA it's been largely ignored. Don't you miss out on the good time. O'Toole upsets the Establishment as the heir to title and fortune who thinks he's Christ. "How do you know I'm God? Because when I pray to him I find I'm talking to myself!" Utterly Zany.  
G. La Cava's **MY MAN GODFREY**  
with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Eugene Palette.  
The height of American screwball comedy. During the Depression a former Harvard aristocrat finds himself working as a butler for the nouveau riche.  
6:05, 9:50  
**MIDNIGHT** Fri. & SAT.  
CINEMA I  
• Woody Allen's... **SEX...** CINEMA I  
• *Magical Mystery Tour* CINEMA II  
• **the dope show** CINEMA III  
*Reefer Madness* (1936)  
The Government's campy drama shows you how dope can turn a high school kid's brains to jelly, and it's very funny.  
*Sinister Menace* (1934)  
The Producer of Freaks tells us about hash perils in Egypt.  
*For His Son* (1912)  
D.W. Griffith great satire of the invention of Coca-Cola when it was reputedly made with cocaine!  
PLUS... **CARTOONS**

**2** Wed., August 7 — Tues., August 13  
**THE HARDER THEY COME**  
Nearly 75,000 people have already come here to see this film. What are you waiting for? Now in its 10th SMASH MONTH! Jimmy Cliff's adventures in the rock music world of Jamaica and his misadventures in the dope world show a side of the lush Caribbean we've never seen before. In vivid color!  
"MOVIE OF THE YEAR" — ROLLING STONE  
More guts, wit, humor, and sheer exuberance than most movies you'll see in any one year of movie-going."  
— CANBY, NEW YORK TIMES

**3** WED., AUGUST 7 — SAT., AUGUST 10  
**WHITE HEAT**  
with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien  
One of Cagney's best performances in one of the best action-crime films, as Cody Jarrett, the psychopathic gangster with an over-powering Oedipus complex.  
4:15, 7:55  
**EACH DAWN I DIE**  
with James Cagney and George Raft  
Journalist Cagney is innocently sent to jail where he learns what real "tough guys" are like.  
6:15, 9:55  
Sun., August 11 — Tues., August 13  
**JULIUS CAESAR**  
with Marlon Brando, John Gielgud, James Mason, Greer Garson  
Shakespeare's classic of political power.  
4:00, 8:30  
**A Midsummer Night's Dream**  
with James Cagney, Mickey Rooney, Olivia de Havilland, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown  
Shakespeare can be fun! Cagney, in a donkey's head, is Bottom; Rooney is Puck.  
6:10, 10:35

2:30 MATINEE \$1.50

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**SUN. MON. TUE. August 2-6**  
**THE BRITISH HITCHCOCK MURDER**  
8:00, 9:35  
the man who knew too much  
8:00; sat. sun. mat. 4:30

**wed. thu. fri. sat. August 7-10**  
**THE MARX BROTHERS in A Night in Casablanca**  
(1946) The zanies in North Africa.  
7:15, 10:00; sat. sun. mat. 3:30  
**LOVE HAPPY**  
(1949) The ultimate display of Harpo's comic genius. He wrote the story and gets top billing in this, the brothers' last film together. Marilyn Monroe does a cameo.  
8:30, 9:35  
**MIDNIGHT**  
a film about **JIMI HENDRIX**  
An outstanding documentary featuring previously unseen live performances from 1966-1970.

**SUN. MON. TUE. August 11-13**  
The Classic Garbo  
**CAMILLE**  
(1936) The ultimate in romanticism a legendary film. George Cukor directed. 7:00; sun. mat. 4:00  
Tracy and Hepburn  
**PAUL & MIKE**  
Another by Cukor 8:00, 9:55

**SUN. MON. TUE. August 4-6**  
Astaire and Rogers in  
**The Gay Divorcee**  
8:00, 9:50  
**SWING TIME**  
7:50; sun. mat. 4:10

**wed. thu. August 7-8**  
James Cagney in  
**The PUBLIC ENEMY**  
(1931) The bravura performance of Cagney—a hypnotic combination of animal force and freedom with balletic control and precision—that launched him into stardom. A classic gangster film. 8:00, 9:45  
Marlon Brando in... 7:35 only.  
**Streetcar Named Desire**

**fri. sat. August 9-10**  
**The Popeye Follies**  
An outrageous anthology of works by Max Fleisher, creator of Betty Boop, and the genius behind the most incredibly surreal animation of the 30's. 7:30, 10:25; sat. mat. 4:30  
W. C. Fields, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper in the all-star version  
**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**  
8:00, 9:00

**SUN. MON. TUE. August 11-13**  
Humphrey Bogart in  
**HIGH SIERRA**  
8:00; sun. mat. 3:45  
Marlon Brando in  
**ONE-EYED JACKS**  
5:30, 9:45



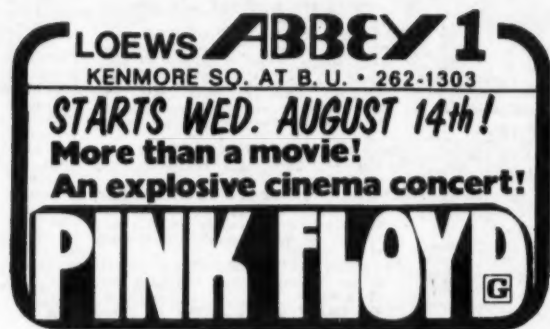






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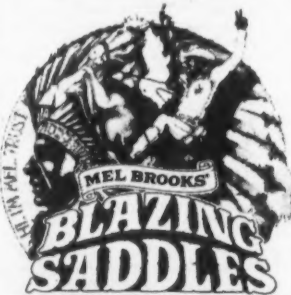
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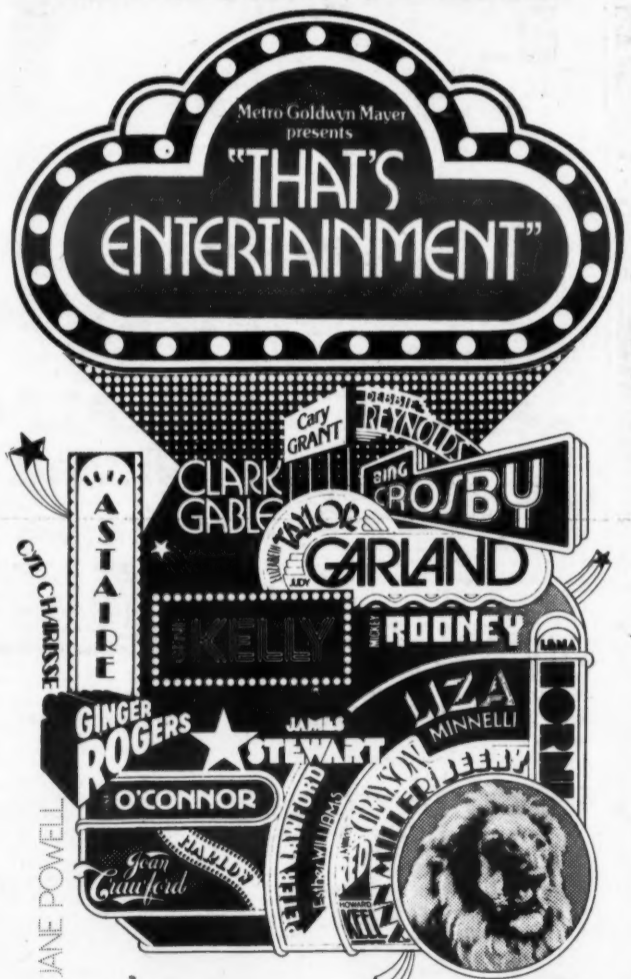


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